

THE

WAR

AND OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE SALVATION ARMY



CRY

IN CANADA, NORTH-WEST AMERICA AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

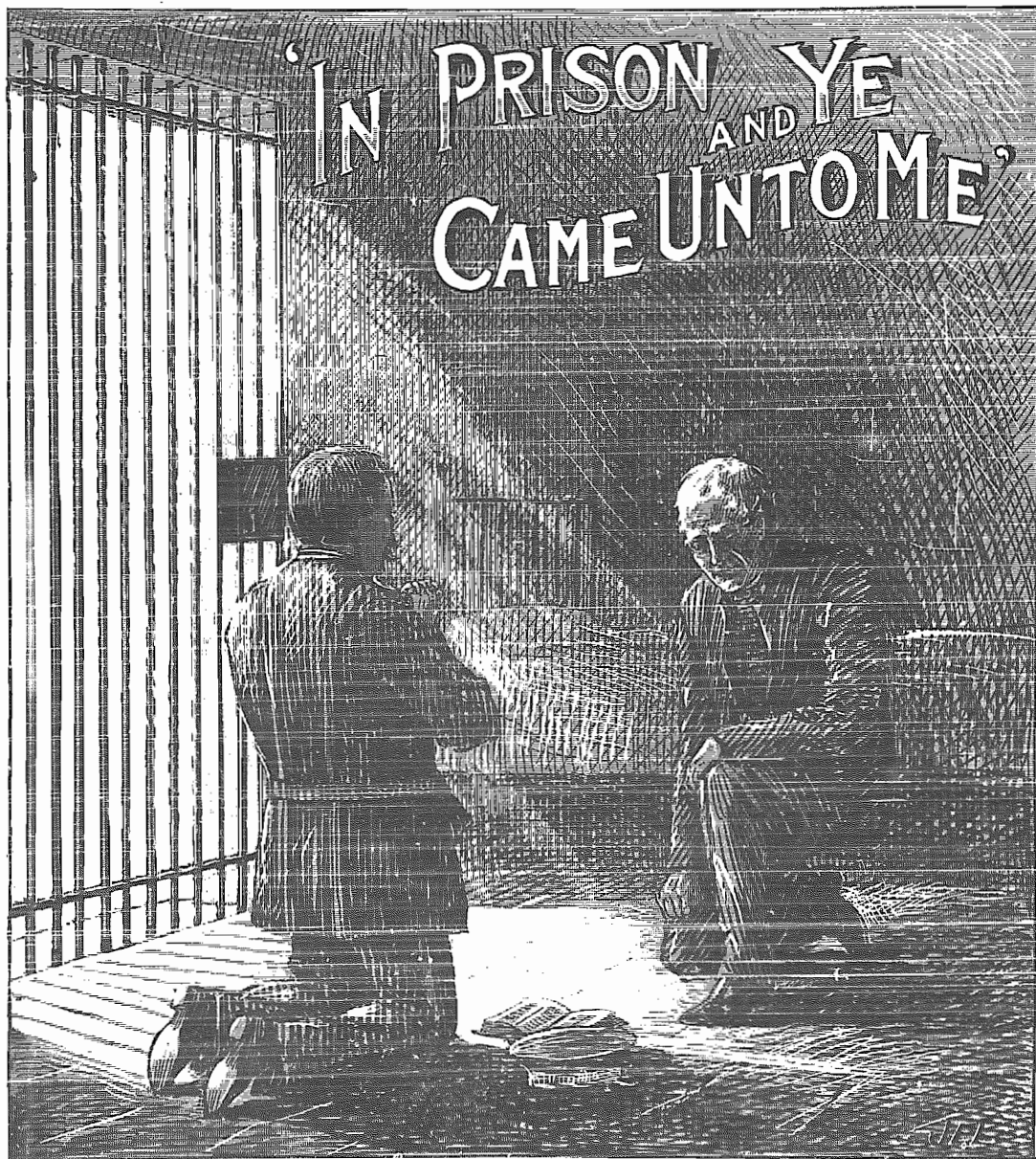
16th Year. No. 40

WILLIAM BOOTH,
General.

TORONTO, JUNE 30, 1900.

EVANGELINE BOOTH,
Comptroller.

Price, 5 Cents.



(See article on page 8.)

To Set You Thinking.

Youth is a state of preparation for manhood.

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A loving heart is better and stronger than wisdom.

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In the meaning, not the cost, of a gift lies its value.

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We cannot honestly and safely receive the praise of men unless we deserve their love.

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The seeds of our punishment are sown at the same time we commit sin.—Hesiod.

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Reading furnishes the mind only with materials of knowledge; it is thinking makes what we read ours.

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If every person would be half as good as he expects his neighbor to be, what a heaven this world would be.

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Good luck is the willing handmaid of upright, energetic character, and conscientious observance of duty.

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Good counsels observed are chains of grace, which, neglected, prove halters to straggle, undutiful children.

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When Jesus wished to "find" Philip, He went to Galilee, where Philip lived. We can only "find" men by going to the places in which they live.

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Affectation is an awkward and forced imitation of what should be genuine and easy, wanting the beauty that accompanies what is natural.

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Native and original truth is not so easily wrought out of the mine, as we, who have it delivered ready dug and fashioned into our hands, are apt to imagine.

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The difference between honor and honesty seems to be chiefly in the motive. The honest man does from duty that which the man of honor does for the sake of character.

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The Bible has God for its author, salvation for its end, and truth, without any mixture of error, for its matter; it is all pure, all sincere; nothing too much, nothing wanting.

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We are born with faculties and powers capable almost of anything, but it is only the exercise of those powers which gives us ability and skill in anything, and leads us to perfect perfection.

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Anger is the most impotent passion that accompanies the mind of man; it effects nothing it goes about, and hurts the man who is possessed by it more than any other against whom it is directed.

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God's grandest temple on this globe is the human soul; it was His first temple in paradise, and it will be His last temple on earth—and to see it in ruins might well prevail to make the angels weep.

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Every moment you now lose, says Chesterfield, is so much character and advantage lost, as, on the other hand, every moment you now employ usefully is so much time wisely laid out, at prodigious interest.

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Let not anyone say he cannot govern his passions, nor hinder them from breaking out and carrying into action: for what he can do before a prince or a great man, he can do alone, or in presence of God, if he will.

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There is not a man in the world but desires to be, or to be thought to be, a wise man; and yet, if he considered how little he contributes himself thereunto, he might wonder to find himself in any tolerable degree of understanding.

--/--

That which the easiest becomes a habit in us is the will. Learn, then, to will once, to will strongly and de-

cisively. Thus fix your floating life, and leave it no longer to be drifted hither and thither, like a withered leaf, by every wind that blows.

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In trusting persons where there is no positive reason for suspicion, we may be deceived by shrewd dishonest people; but no one can well deceive us more than once. By being over-suspicious we are apt to mistrust a best friend, and thus lose the benefit of his kindness not once, but continually.

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Some men seem to think that when they have praised virtue they have done their duty by it. "How beautiful is goodness!" we say. "Oh, that I were good!" If this is only wishful, we are wrong. If it expresses our decision to attain that goodness, we are right. To praise a virtue without determining to possess it is a first step towards moral suicide.

True Service.

Unselfishness seeks no human recognition. To do good to those who do not appreciate it, to serve those who will never even know by whom the service was rendered, are marks of true unselfishness. Whether our service is recognized or not is of small consequence. But it is of consequence for us to make sure that our service is freely rendered without thought of recognition.—S. S. Times.

Wrong Doing.

No one is more injured by wrong-doing than the wrong-doer. It is not in the power of a thief to impoverish anyone so much as he impoverishes himself by his thieving. The man who uses vulgar or profane language offends polite and reverent ears, and pollutes the social atmosphere, but he is himself the worst sufferer. Jesus said: "Not that which entereth into the mouth defileth the man, but that which proceedeth out of the mouth, this defileth the man."

Practical Christianity.

Some would have us think that fewer eyes are looking upward in reverent gratitude than in other days. But, however this may be, I feel sure that more eyes are looking around in loving desire to help the needy than at any previous epoch. And the happiest thought of all is that these eyes are young, observant, and unweary. To endeavor along Christian lines to increase the sum of human happiness seems to me to be not only the greatest, but the most evangelical thing in the world. To begin to do is an end of controversy. The severed body of Christ comes back to unity the moment it ceases to preach and begins to practice.—Frances E. Willard.

Attacks that Never Cease.

Unending conflict is one of the few things we can be sure of. Conquer as we may, work as we may, Satan is indefatigable. He sees to it that no man, woman, or child, is left free from his attacks. And the higher we climb, with God's help, the more surely must we count upon these attentions from the powers of darkness. After Christ

had successfully met the onslaughts of the Evil One in the wilderness, Satan "departed from Him for a season." Even the Son of God was not exempt from renewed attacks. But, thanks be to Him, we may confidently count upon all the strength that is needed to continue the fight to a victorious end.

Thoughts About Prayer.

Prayer is the most secret intercourse of the soul with God, and, as it were, the conversation of one heart with another.

Prayer is the language of dependence; he who prays not is endeavoring to live independently of God; this was the first curse, and continues to be the great curse of mankind.

Prayer requires more of the heart than of the tongue. The eloquence of prayer consists in the fervency of desire and the simplicity of faith. The abundance of fine thoughts, studied and vehement motions, and the order and politeness of the expressions, are things which compose a mere human harangue, not a humble and Christian prayer. Our trust and confidence should proceed from that which God is able to do in us, and not from what we say to Him.

A fluency in prayer is not essential to praying. A man may pray most powerfully, in the estimation of God, who is not able to utter a word. The unutterable groan is big with meaning, and God understands it, because it contains the language of His own Spirit. Some desires are too mighty to be expressed; there is no language expressive enough to give them proper form and distinct vocal sound; such desires show that they come from God; and as they come from Him, so they express what God is disposed to do, and what He has purposed to do.

A VISIT TO THE CENTRAL PRISON, TORONTO.

Being a Brief Write-up of a War Cry Representative's Tour, and a Word or Two About the S. A. Prison Operations.

A Hasty Summons.

"I would like you to go with Staff-Capt. Archibald to the Central Prison at 2 o'clock, and give the War Cry a write-up of your visit," said the Editor on a recent Wednesday afternoon. Seeing it was then half-past one, our readers will perceive that it left us little time to study the all-important question of Prison Reform, or dive into the Government Blue Books so as to stock our mental shelves with numerous data and information, or to furnish ourselves with a few perplexing questions with which to harass any officials we might meet in our tour through the prison.

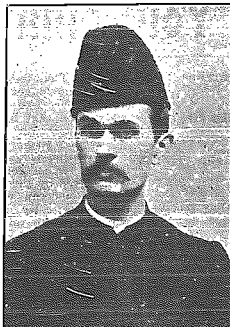
On second consideration we rather incline to the opinion that it was just as well that our time was limited, for thereby the scenes we witnessed were photographed upon our unbiased and untrammelled mind, and we are now able to put on paper just what would probably be the impression received by all who are favored with an opportunity of being conducted through what we have heard told is the finest system of prison government on the continent.

It was a lovely day, as, thankful we were going to prison by street car, and not in the "Black Maria," Staff-Capt. Archibald and "us" made our way west on King St. as far as Strachan Ave.

with Warden Gilmour or any of his staff. They cater for the men's spiritual welfare in a generous and sincere manner. Meetings are held under the auspices of the Ministerial Association on Monday and Saturday nights, while on Sunday afternoon the men are led into the capacious chapel and earnest workers plead the cause of Christ. Meetings have been held, however, every night for the last three weeks.

The Army's Share.

It is, however, only during the last year or so that the Army has been at work among the men. A little while ago a great spiritual campaign was in progress, and we were invited to take part in continuing the services. Since then we have organized a systematic visitation of the Prison, and to prosecute the work more thoroughly, the Commissioner has appointed Staff-Capt. Archibald to carry on our operations, under the Territorial Secretary's direction. He speaks very highly of the kind treatment he has received from Dr. Gilmour, the Warden, Mr. Logan, the



SERGEANT LYONS,
Central Prison, Toronto.

are entered beneath the man's name. As if this were not sufficient, a photograph is taken of the man's head and shoulders, front and side views, and the Sergeant showed us a bound volume of something like 1250 faces, if our memory serves us correctly, each bearing the name of the prisoner, and also his "aliases." The Sergeant is a busy man, for in addition to all the above demands upon his time, he has to superintend the clothing of all the inmates, and the thousand and one matters that keep cropping up. The Sergeant's assistant is a prisoner, who is now thoroughly converted. Staff-Capt. Archibald has interested himself in our case, for it is a sad one, and when he comes out in August he comes never to return, we trust.

The Workshop.

Then comes our journey through the main building, each devoted to different kind of work. The first is the boot and shoe mill. It is at the prisoners' shoes, even the Central are also made to be ship Government. Intentions to go in places we visit and Rope Face. While Depart- up, where from ing other things, Fancy Wooden toys of all descriptions, step-ladders, and many other things, attract attention. The men seemed to be working, and none of them. What a them! Many boasting men, how miserably nothing to take in night's sleep is, but it were some did not oughts during fatigue induce t night. Many ely happy, and ind kind word, converted, of says there are th another 50 e for a better being earnest an claim such officials of the

Prison give the men great credit their sincerity, and are not separated from just a few doubtful of the work is a genuine one. Of the total of 100 who professed conversion in the revival last year, only one has been sent back to the prison for another term!

The Prison "Service Corps."

Then followed the Bakery, where most approved appliances are used to bread looked clean and wholesome. The Sergeant showed us a "chuck" of it that would satisfy a hunger at supper-time, washed down with a pint of tea.

The men stop work at 6, and their way to the cells. On a large is laid out the bread and tea. The men take his share and make his cell. At a given signal they the cell and eat their supper in it. Except when there is a meeting chapel, the men are all locked in cells immediately after supper, in shades of night creep through the barred windows as 340 men are with their thoughts.

The Lonely Cell.

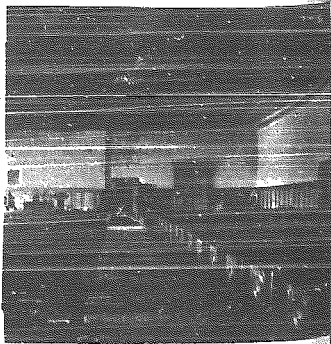
The cells are, of course, quite small. An iron bed is placed against wall during the day, and let down at night. On a shelf above the bed are placed the blankets, neatly folded. Another little shelf contains a Bible, perhaps another book or two. The cell is locked separately by the door, but "to make assurance doubly a simple turn of a big lever at end of the rows of cells adds barrier to be confronted by any would be bold enough to attempt escape. The cells are heated in winter by a system of hot-water pipes, and cooled in summer by fans. The comfort of the men is to be well observed, for as is to be patible with prison discipline.

We must not forget the library, by a prisoner, who also does much writing for the men. Some kind of books are ranged along the shelves. We did not see a Bible, or, however, which our readers will remember as the book which Winata Dhill was studying when he escaped from Pretoria! Most of the volumes are religious nature.

In Conclusion.

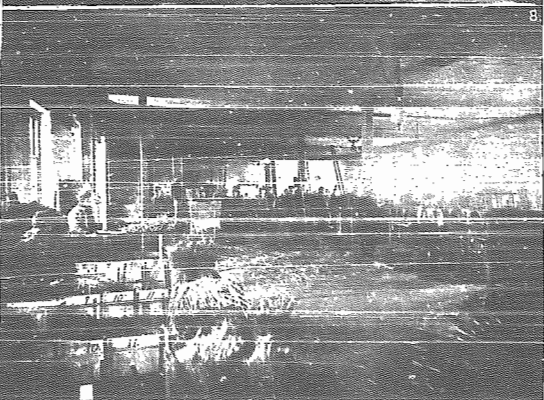
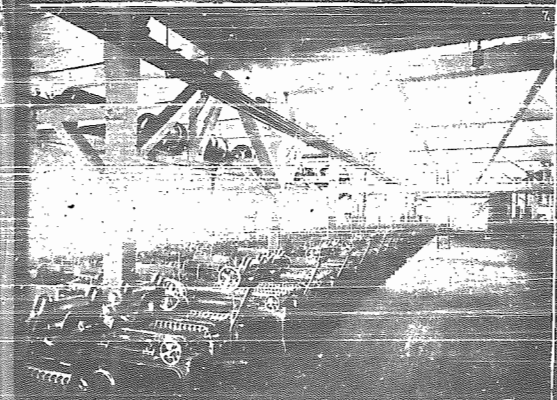
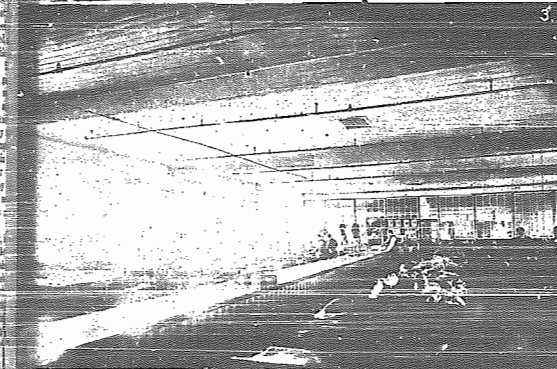
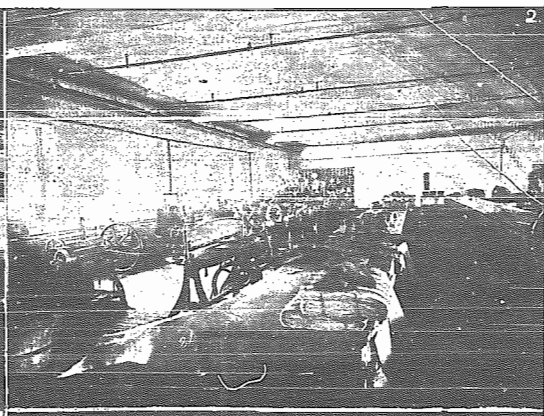
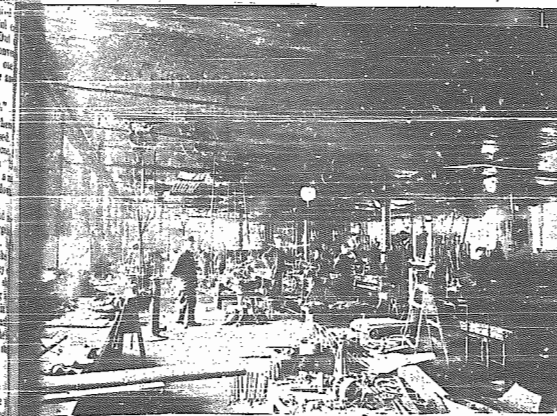
Here our tour of inspection closes, and after thanking the Sergeant for his assiduous attention to our demands for information, we heard the cleng of the Prison door behind us and breathed once more air of freedom, greatly rejoicing we were not in the hands of those justice, yet more thankful that CIRCUMSTANCES, OVER WHICH HAD NO CONTROL, HAD MOVED FROM US THE TEMPTATION, OR NECESSITY, OF SINNING, OR ANY OTHER UNPRAISEWORTHY OFFENCE! and also that had taken the desire for wrong out of our hearts.

We cannot close this article than by giving the judgment of official of the Central Prison, after four years' standing, who said in answer to our query as to whether crime was hereditary. "No, I think. Most of those who come to us are victims of some unfortunate condition." May the reign of righteousness commence in the hearts of yet bound both by the law and through the redeeming influence of the Blood of the Lamb, which can blot the uttermost.—G. A.



CHAPEL, CENTRAL PRISON, TORONTO.

VIEWS IN THE CENTRAL PRISON, TORONTO.



MAN'S SECOND CHANCE.

Addressed to Those Incarcerated Within Prison Walls.

By LIBERTY-COLONEL MRS. READ.

"He made it again"—Jer. xxi. 14.

"Hope eternal is the guiding star
Forever hung upon the gates of Heaven,
That they who wander may find a way,
A sign of home to wanderers given."

SOME of my associates in the League of Mercy have requested me to write an article especially addressed to those who languish behind prison bars, and suffer within the precincts of hospital walls. In the midst of a great rush, preparatory to a lengthy tour and absence from Headquarters, I am trying to pass a little message this week to the prisoners, next, if possible, to those who pass weary hours upon couches of pain.

My mind is drawn away this lovely June day from my surroundings—for the sun shines in all the brightness of its summer glory, and the birds are telling a glad song in the chestnut and maple trees outside my window—and in imagination visits you, my brother, my sister, in the gloom and loneliness of your narrow cell. My heart throbs with an earnest desire to send some little word that shall be a blessing and means of uplift to you who watch far, and read eagerly, the white-winged messenger, the War Cry, each after week.

The first thought suggested is from a picture given us by Jeremiah, in the 18th chapter of his prophecy. He tells us that he went down to the potter's house, and there God taught him a lesson. The vessel in the potter's hand was marred. Instead of putting the clay once more upon the wheel, and moulded it into a vessel to please him.

It is typical of our God. "We are the clay, He is the Potter." In this vessel of the "War Cry," God is putting love to see a ray of hope for all erring humanity. Oh, reader, if your heart is despairing, I would like to write that word "Hope" in letters of fire upon it, and bid you take courage, for there is yet a possibility of your making something of your life.

—11—

What is Hope?

I WOULD like to remind you of what hope can do. Hope is the opposite to despair. Despair sends to the river bank; hope ever points upwards. Diogenes, the Philosopher, says, "Hope is the last thing that dies in man." Yes, hope lingers around the dying bed, when the physicians gravely and silently steal away from the chamber of death. Hope enables the mother to forget the weary back and bending knees of a night; and, if, in after years, her idol goes astray, hope keeps her from breaking her heart over the wandering of her wayward child.

Hope sits enthroned on the altar of the wife's loving heart, as patiently, year after year, she endures the neglect of a dissipated husband. "I have not given up hope yet; my husband will not die," she drily and half-hy, she says, as with blistering fingers she lifts her aching head from the garment she is sewing, or mops the beads of perspiration from her brow, as she leans a moment on the window sill, and sighs, "I must try and keep the wolf from the door until then."

The sailor upon the bosom of the deep braves the fiercest storm which disturbs its mighty depths because of the hope of reunion in some country no cloud can efface from his horizon. He hears hope's voice in the raging tempest, and sees its inspiration perched upon the white crest of each rolling wave. Hope lends courage to the soldier on the battlefield; it makes him oblivious of his deadliest carnage and presses him madly forward to triumphant conquest.

It is hope of ultimate success which moves the young man struggling to achieve his purpose and satisfy the ambitions of his heart. Hope strengthens him for every upward step on the rounds of life's ladder. Hope waves her sceptre over the dominions of death. She takes the darkness out of the valley of the shadow, and cries, "O grave, where is thy victory? O death, where is thy sting?"

I would like to point you, my dear reader, to a Star of Hope which shines out in your dark sky, and which will shed its radiant beams along your future pathway, making bright its dark places.

"What is that hope?" you query. "He made it again." He took the unsightly, shapeless thing, and, under the magic of his skillful touch, it was re-made—a vessel of honor, a useful thing. There was one condition necessary to this—the clay was passive in the Potter's hand. He was able to carry out the design of His will in it.

—11—

God's Purpose.

GOD'S original plan, when He created man in His own image, was that man should be beautiful, strong, and happy. Man, through disobedience, became marred, and brought sin into a world of beauty. Christ came to be the propitiator for sin—came "not to call the righteous, but sinners, to repentance." In this assurance there is hope for you. The Lord will make the poor, spoiled, marred human being "a new creature." It is not His will that any should perish, but that all should live. The Divine Potter would waste no clay, and your hope, then, is in Him. Put yourself in His hand. The Prodigal did this when he said, "Father, I have sinned." His life had been a failure, he retraced his steps and in his father's presence found fullness of life. You may say, "It is useless, I have broken my mother's heart, blighted my wife's life, violated my country's laws—the stigma of shame, of disgrace, shadows my name, and I can never blot it out. I can never forget my black career, my friends will never forgive me, the world will never trust me. It is useless now, perfectly useless." Perhaps you are right, but have tried to get beyond my sinful past, but its memory always haunts me." Oh, say not so, my brother. True, you may have tried to retrace your steps, but you failed because it was in a human resolution you placed your confidence, and your will weakened by past yieldings to sin, did not stand the test of temptation. But give up trying in your own strength now, and with your burden of transgression, come to the feet of Christ. He was in all points tempted as we are, yet without sin, and in His great magnanimous sympathy and love, will, with every temptation, make a way for escape. This is your only hope for earthly happiness or heavenly joy.

—11—

You Can Do It.

HAVE patience with yourself. You have been years drifting away. "Patience is Nature's motto." All great deeds have been wrought through patience. Expect nothing of yourself. There are noble, undeveloped traits in your character. Give them a chance to develop. In the gymnasium you tug, push, pull, strike, run, expand your chest, in order to develop your physical self. So you can develop your moral nature only by continual effort. The ancients used to say, "Man, know thyself." The nineteenth century motto is, "Man, help thyself." God will help you if you trust Him. Some of you have had Christian homes, and your childhood days are fragrant with sweet, tender memories. A loving mother's prayers follow you. Her tears have watered the midnight pillow, and her sorrow has entered into the heart of God. Others have not been so privileged. No parents' counsel was given you to warn you against life's quicksands. Unfortunately environment surrounded you earliest years. You have had many disadvantages. I know it is hard for you to pull against the stream, and with all the natural propensities to evil, there seems very little chance. But God has promised that whosoever—that man who comes to Him—He will not turn away, and that His grace will be sufficient. Lift up your head and try then.

—11—

...e only craves his freedom and existence
Who daily conquers them anew."

Let not past failures discourage you. Make up your mind to live a busy life. A great divine once said, "If you are idle, you are on the road to ruin, and there are few stopping-places upon it, it is rather a precipice than a road." And another writer tells us that "Labor is life! . . . Sed to say, 'Let me assure you that doing nothing is an apprenticeship to doing wrong.' A useful life is a contented, pure life."

—11—

Others Have Done It

A FEW weeks ago I visited the Jerry McAuley Mission, on the Bowery, in New York City. As I watched the hundreds of men who had gathered in that bright, cheerful hall, my thoughts reverted to the founder of this blessed work.

Sent to prison at the age of nineteen, for a term of fifteen years, there was apparently a black outlook for Jerry. He was converted in the prison chapel, and was subsequently pardoned as a reward for good conduct. Sed to say, after he left prison, as there was no one to give him a helping hand and encouraging word, he drifted into the old ways. Some time afterwards, through hearing a gentleman who was visiting the state of New York mention the name of Jesus, the old desire to be good was re-kindled in his heart, and he was restored to the right path. He had many struggles, but through persistent faith in God he conquered, and, out of gratitude to Him, started a social mission. His work prospered, and for 25 years, in that dark, sin-blighted locality, has been a shining light pointing many to Jerry McAuley's Redeemer—a monument of the graces that come from the uttermost to the uttermost.

A young man came into my office the other day. "Oh," he said, "it was but that little word 'hope' which caused me to quit that prison life." I was in the Kingston Penitentiary serving a term of two years and a half, and in that Sunday afternoon service that word came as a light from heaven. I went to my cell and gave myself to God, and He has helped me ever since, opening my way to honest employment and giving me friends to care for me when I left the Penitentiary. It was that little word 'hope' that changed my life." I could cite the stories of hundreds who have been in the same state of degradation, who, through taking God's promises as true, have proved His love in the transformation of their lives, and who today are honored and respected Christian citizens.

—11—

There are Eternal Issues.

WE must appear before the Judgment Seat of Christ—"shall meet Him as a Savior or a Judge." "Every eye shall see him."

A friend of mine was visiting a large American city a short time ago. One hot, dusty afternoon, she was passing down one of its busy streets when a notice advertising Michael Munkacsy's famous picture, "Christ before Pilate," attracted her attention. Feeling very weary, she thought a view of this wonderful painting would rest and refresh, so she paid the small fee for admission and descended into the basement of a store, where the picture was on exhibition. The room was perfectly dark excepting the reflection of the bright foot-lights upon the marvelous work of art, showing it in all its realistic beauty. While she stood as if magnetized before it, she heard the voices of men giving utterance to coarse and vile expressions as they stumbled down the steps. They burst unceremoniously into the room—suddenly the lights ceased, dying away upon their lips, and the men stood revealed to the spot, involuntarily removing their hats.

My friend is a Christian, her heart was stirred to its foundations with the love and tender mercies of the pictured presence of her Lord. How different the feelings of the men! Consternation, awe, were depicted on their faces. They were condemned by their own conscience. How will they appear in His glorious court? How strange of Him upon the canvas held them spell-bound with fear?

Let me urge upon you, my brother, my sister, in view of the great future which must be spent in bliss or darkness, in heavenly glory or in the abyss of woe, for the sake of Christ Who loves you, and for the possibilities which are even yet before you, to gather

up all the tangled threads of your life, bring all to Jesus in the spirit of the beautiful hymn—

"Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy Blood was shed for me,
And that Thou biddest me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come."

Lay all in child-like faith at His feet and accept Him as your Savior. He will cleanse you, no matter how full of depravity and vice the past has been. Lay aside this paper, and in the isolation of your cell kneel by the bench or bed, yield yourself up day to the Potter and He will take your poor, marred, spoiled life and re-form, re-make it, and you shall yet develop a noble, useful, happy manhood and womanhood.

THE PRISONERS' GRATITUDE.

The following letter was sent by the inmates of the Toronto Central Prison to Lieut.-Colonel Mrs. Read:

To Mrs. Read—
We, the boys of the Central Prison, desire hereby to convey to you our appreciation of, and sympathy in, your kind endeavors and ever willingness to help us by coming amongst us at every opportunity. Your helpful talks with us have not been without result, and many hearts were blessed and led to look up by your message of hope to us. Your last visit, also, has resulted in great good, and our belief is strengthened that God can and will mould many of us over again, and make us new vessels for His service.

We feel a new inspiration and zeal to better serve our Master since hearing from our comrade and brother, whose messages, through you, made many a heart leap for joy, and though he may be recorded as dead to the world, his spirit lives with Christ. We know you rejoice with us, as do the angels in heaven, over our brother's salvation.

We wish you to know and feel that we do esteem, and gratefully acknowledge, the spirit that leads you to come among us, and though many of us may never meet you here again, we will remember your kind and loving messages. We assured that you will always be welcomed by a sympathetic and appreciative audience whenever we may be honored by a visit from you.

We all unite in prayers for God's blessing on your work, and your happiness and joy in all things.

Signed on behalf of the "boys" of the Central Prison,

G. J. D.



CAPTAIN GAMBLE, DAUPHIN, MAN. 1875

Was I a Fool?

When I became a Salvation Army officer four of my companions said that I was a fool. There were probably others, but of these four I am sure.

One, since, bought a large property, quarreled with, and fought, one of the tenants, shot him dead, and is now awaiting his trial for murder.

Another has taken to drink, lost a good situation through carelessness, and is now in the workhouse, and is being differently arrested and charged with setting fire to his aunt's residence. It got off through want of evidence, but is a drunkard.

Another prospered for a time, bought a property of 1,000 acres, intended to give it to his friends, and has had to mortgage his property to the full.

Another died suddenly, leaving his family unprotected for, and his friends wondering whether he had gone to heaven or hell.

But I am well in body and soul, "on my happy way to heaven."—1.

GAZETTE.

PROMOTIONS—

Capt. R. J. Bennett, of Bay Roberts, to be ENSIGN.
 Capt. E. Hiscock, resting, to be ENSIGN.
 Capt. J. Sparks, of St. John's L., to be ENSIGN.
 Lieut. Calvert, of Yorkville, to be Captain.
 Lieut. Bell, Children's Shelter, to be Captain.
 Lieut. Johnson, Toronto Rescue Home, to be Captain.

POINTMENTS—

ADJT. McAMMOND, of Brantford, to Winnipeg Corps and Garrison.
 ADJT. BARR, of Winnipeg, to take command of the Klondike operations.

EVANGELINE C. BOOTH.
 Field Commissioner.



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Peace and War.

While the South African War appears to be drawing to a close, and an early end is predicted by those who are in authority, the clouds of war seem to be gathering thickly in the Orient. The Chinese situation alone is a complex and complicated struggle. Already numerous missionaries, missionaries, and native Christians have been committed, and it is generally reported that the foreign legations in Peking and one of the ministers ordered. In the affected location are 288 foreign missionaries stationed (175 Protestants, 90 Presbyterians, and 23 Methodists) which are the many of the infuriated mobs, it is not altogether to our God still sits government, and knows how to make en the wrath of man subservient to its glory. We invite every reader to especially for the heroic messengers the Gospel, and that wisdom and thence may guide the powers that may side the destiny of China towards peaceful settlement.

Editorial Notes.

The Commissioner left Toronto in advance of the Red Crusaders to do a today's campaign at Cobourg. Ontario will meet the Red Crusaders at Deseronto.

vvv

The Chief Secretary and H. Q. Staff had an excellent Sunday at Deseronto. They tried the Red Crusaders' suit, to "see how it feels." It felt good, and crowds attended and souls were led.

vvv

Adj. Frank Morris has returned here, and hearty from the Klondike. His comrades were exceedingly glad to see him back, and he was smiles all over. We shall shortly publish an interview with him.

vvv

With sincere sorrow we report the

Miss Booth at Cobourg.

Town Hall packed last night at the opening of the Red Crusaders' Campaign. Cobourg delighted. Excellent attention as the Field Commissioner portrayed the evil influences of sin and the glorious possibility of its being pardoned and forgiven. We are believing for a record campaign. Watch further reports. Commissioner now marching on to Deseronto.

BRICADIER PUGMINE.

"IN PRISON AND YE VISITED ME."

(To our Front-page.)

death of Prof. Wiggins, who is widely known throughout Ontario and the East. The Professor was a soldier of the Lippincott corps, and has recently contributed some new songs to the many popular ones he made in the early days of the Army, and which are sung to this day. A full report will be in next week's War Cry. We ask the prayers of our readers for the bereaved family.

vvv

Major Smeeton, who is a Notary Public for Ontario, has now also received his official appointment as a Commissioner of Affidavits for Newfoundland. We have now, therefore, a very efficient force in the head of our Financial and Property Department.

vvv

Our esteemed brother and comrade, Adj. Adams, is now the father of a girl-child. The Adjutant wears a peaceful smile. His comrades offer hearty congratulations.

COMING!

IN NEXT WEEK'S WAR CRY OUR SPECIAL PRISON ARTICLES WILL BE CONTINUED. SEE THE INTERVIEW WITH OUR PRISON REPRESENTATIVE, AND A FORMER PRISONER: ALSO SOME ADDITIONAL VIEWS OF THE CENTRAL PRISON.

For some time a very successful social and spiritual work has been carried on in the Central Prison, which deserves to be widely known, for the encouragement of our comrades and other Christian workers among the inmates of our penal institutions everywhere.

We begin in this week's edition a series of articles descriptive of this work, with a reported visit of Adjutant Atwell to the Central Prison, which will prove of interest and instruction.

Next week we will give an interview with Staff-Captain Archibald, who is now in charge of that part of our work, to be followed with an interview with a recently-pardoned prisoner, who was genuinely converted and has been the means of helping scores of others in their perplexities. His stories are thrilling, and he has many letters from former prisoners, who were converted in prison and are still standing.

Finally we have received a letter from one of the inmates, who sends this contribution purposely for publication in the War Cry. Altogether the Prison articles will probably be continued through four issues of the War Cry.

Saints are not made by polishing sinners.



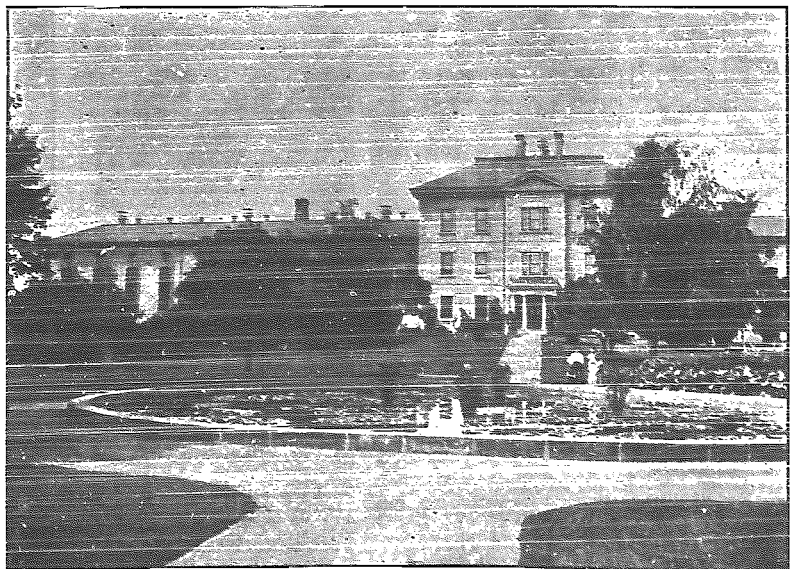
June 18th, 1900.

THE CHINESE CHAOS.

Every other topic of the day has sunk into insignificance compared with the Chinese situation. It appears that the gravest fears are entertained as to the safety of foreigners, especially the missionaries. The Boxers have destroyed the railway behind the international troops that marched to the protection of foreigners at Peking. It appears that the Empress sent a large force of troops outside the walls to oppose the entrance of foreign troops into the sacred city. Telegraph communication with Peking is interrupted, and no news can be received. A rumor states that the foreign legations have been burned, the German minister and several missionaries at Peking murdered, and that the mob is in possession, but that may be incorrect, as no official news to that effect has been received. A relief expedition was sent with provisions to the international troops, but had to return on account of the railway being destroyed. It is also asserted that the Chinese guns at Fort Taku opened fire on the foreign warships. The warships replied, and after some hours' bombardment, silenced and captured the forts.

THE SOUTH AFRICAN WAR.

Hostilities are continuing, but only of a minor character. Lord Methuen has captured the Boers under General De Wet, which interrupted communications and destroyed the railway. The Boers got safely away with their guns and prisoners.—A large number of Boers all over the country have surrendered their arms and submitted.—General Buller is advancing into Transvaal territory.—Lind's Nek railway tunnel was blown in at both ends by the retreating Boers, but is now clear.—General Cronje's son has surrendered Klerksdorp.—General Baden-Powell is advancing from the West, and has captured 230 prisoners. His latest advance places him at Rustenburg.—General Buller is marching towards Heidelberg, which will cut off the Free State Boers completely from the Transvaal.—The total casualties are 23,934, up to June 9th, besides 762 officers and 12,355 soldiers sent home sick.



FRONT VIEW OF CENTRAL PRISON, TORONTO.

PEACE IN PROSPECT.

To the Officers and Soldiers of the
Salvation Army.

FROM THE GENERAL.

My Dear Comrades.—The conclusion of the South African War is now supposed, by those who profess to understand the subject, to be fairly within sight. I trust that this is so, and that the joyful tidings of a concluded, substantial, and lasting peace will soon be announced.

When, oh! when shall the blessed time arrive when all round the world War shall cease, and peace be proclaimed, not only between man and man, but, what is far more important still, between man and God?

Then, then, we must take the realization of our wishes by instalments, and for the present the news we have from South Africa is very encouraging. The War has been, as you all know, a great sorrow to me and to multitudes more. It has been deplorable for many reasons.

To begin with, there have been the bitter conflicts of opinion in many circles, private and public, the demoralization of human feeling, and the creation of a hard, selfish spirit the world over.

Then there has been the suffering caused by wounds, disease, and death, necessarily bringing clouds of sorrow over a multitude of homes, and making wailing and woe in the hearts of a host of mothers, wives, and children.

Then there has been a diversion of thought and effort from what should be the great business of the followers of Jesus Christ, namely, the strife with Sin, and Misery, and Hell. Even Salvationists have been affected in this respect.

We may now hope, however, that this conflict is coming to an end. So let us be glad. Let us sing and give thanks; but, in our satisfaction, let us be careful to conduct ourselves as true men and women of God, who belong to a Kingdom which is not after the fashion of this world.

Now, my comrades, if, when the question is settled, you feel that the settlement is not as you would have wished it, you must, nevertheless, how to it, and thank God that things are no worse. None of us can get our own way in everything in this world. We must bend ourselves to opposing storms and tempests and do the best we can under the circumstances. Again and again we must be content to eat our own way of life, when we shall have to say, "This will be done."

On the other hand, the result of the conflict harmonizes with your consciences, and your hearts of contrary to the satisfaction as the children of your Heavenly Father should do, and let your moderation be known to all men. Among these things—

1. Respect the feelings of the Vanquished. Sympathize with them in the tribulations they are called to suffer. They were counted enemies before and during the fight; now count them as friends. Let hygones be hygones. This is the opportunity for showing the spirit of love by which you profess to be actuated. Remember that you have Salvation Comrades on both sides.

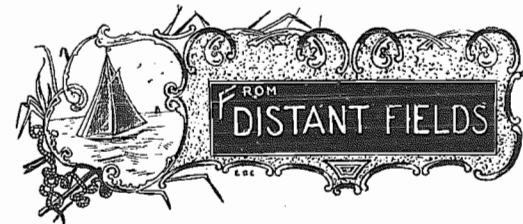
2. Allow no vindictive exultation to possess your minds. Avoid entirely any needless trumpeting over the fallen foe, and remember that the defeated will have to undergo what surely be painful though without any heartless upbraidings on your part.

3. Join in no Ceremonies that are inconsistent with your Uniform, your Principles, and your Plan of Contrivance by the judgment of your Officers.

4. Refuse to believe the false statements that will be flying abroad wholesale, calculated to keep open the wounds of hatred and revenge already existing, among other evils War is ever the pro-

life parent of misrepresentation and falsehood, but true charity refuses to believe the worst even about our enemies; on the contrary, even for them it ever hopes the best.

5. Use your influence to heal the wounds which the conflict has made on both sides, and especially help the widow and orphan.



The General conducted three huge meetings in the Town Hall, Greenwich. They were fully up to the General's usual standard.

The Chief of the Staff, assisted by a large staff of officers, conducted a glorious campaign with 450 Corps-Cadets and visitors at the Hindleigh Farm Colony. The weather was delightful.

Major Elmlic, an old, devoted, and hard-working officer, has been promoted to Glory. It is a sad loss to the Army.

The Corps-Cadets of the Salvation Army in the British Isles now number the astounding total of 5,000. The Corps-Cadet system is getting into admirable shape.

Commissioner Coombs and Colonel Baile led some special meetings at Loughborough Junction with good salvation results—three for hellows, three for salvation, and eight backsliders restored.

The Dean of Rochester, accompanied by Colonel Barker, visited the Blackfriars Shelter recently. The Dean addressed the men who were dining. Dean Hole, who had an audience with the Chief of the Staff, has since written expressing his appreciation of General Booth's practical work, and promised to address the men at Blackfriars Shelter, likewise to inspect the Industrial Land Colony at any early date.



The Commander is a tireless contributor to the War Cry. He has two stirring articles in the latest American Cry.

A special issue of the War Cry is projected for the fourth of July.

The Young Soldier is in for a great advance. Its size will be increased to sixteen pages, two of which will be devoted to the Swedish J.S. work. The price will remain the same.

Ensign Jones and Lieutenant MacCourtney have been commissioned by In-

g. With renewed energy push your own War—the Holy War, the War of Love, THE WAR OF GOD. Give yourself to it afresh.

Pray for South Africa. Extra Officers and Money will be wanted for the two States where the conflict has been raging, for now comes our turn to fight. Never before in these lands was there such an opportunity as is right before us to-day, while the millions of Natives wait our Mission, calling for efforts a hundredfold beyond those at present in operation. We have admired the courage and skill of the Boer Farmer Volunteer, and the endurance and dash of the British Soldier. Who now will go and dare and suffer in the Cause of Christ, the Cause of Righteousness, and the Cause of Universal Love?

Comrades, I rely on you, and you may rely on your General.

Yours affectionately,
WILLIAM BOOTH.

The Century Scheme is being pushed by our Jamaican comrades.

Brigadier Rolfe has been on four conducting special meetings at Sav la Mar, Bluefields, San Antonio, and Kingston. At Kingston the Mayor granted the use of the Town Hall free for Sunday and Monday.

Four native Japanese Cadets have just been promoted to Lieutenants. The cry is for Candidates—Candidates!

Colonel Conesdy, Chief Secretary for Holland, has been laid aside ill and in hospital for some weeks. From news recently to hand, we are glad to say he is now progressing favorably.

COLONEL JACOBS

Dedicates the New Army Tent at
Dufferin Grove, Toronto.

Speaking of Camp Meetings, you should have been there! The Salvation Army took possession of Dufferin Grove, and under the leadership of the Chief Secretary, Colonel Jacobs, assisted by a number of Headquarters' Staff with their string instruments, conducted a series of very successful meetings in the new tent, which has been prepared for the use of the Commissioner and the Red Crusaders on their tour in East Ontario.

Saturday night, after a good time in the open-air, there was a rousing free-and-easy inside the tent, where a fair crowd had gathered.

Sunday morning, holiness meeting, was an exceptionally-blessed time. The Colonel was in excellent form, and spoke with power. The souls sought the blessing of a clean heart.

The Lascar St. Band wended their way to the Grove in time to assist in the preliminary open-air meeting in the afternoon. This, added to the several other musicians present, made up an excellent band, which did good service both outside and in.

Bro. Sims with his violin, Bro. Hart with his cornet, and one or two others with Staff-Capt. Creighton, Adj. Attwell, and Capt. Easton made up rather a decent little orchestra, which lived things up a bit.

There was no waiting for testimonies. Many one of the large tent gave expression to the joy they found in the service of God.

Long before the hour for the evening open-air, the people began making their way to the Grove. And the conclusion of the outdoor service, the crowd rushed pell-mell into the tent, where a large number had already assembled. After some unheeding and good-natured crowding most of the people were seated—but, alas, for those who were unable to get inside! All round the tent, where the sides had been rolled up to admit plenty of fresh air, stood people, crowds of them, eagerly listening to the various testimonies and addresses, and joining heartily in the singing.

One brother, who had been saved some time ago in the Central Prison, greatly interested the audience with the story of his conversion behind the bars, while another brother told how he had been brought to God in the Kingston Penitentiary some years ago, and God had kept him and made him very useful in His service ever since.

Lieut.-Colonel Marretts gave a short talk in his usual earnest and practical way, after which the Colonel rose, Bible in hand, and for some time the crowd in almost breathless attention. Conviction was stamped on the upturned faces before us, and as we listened to the graphic description of the glorious passage over the Jordan, the words of the Colonel's father, the interest was intense.

One soul volunteered for salvation, while many others went away saddened by the knowledge of sins unrepented and hearts unwashed in the Blood of the Lamb.

Adj. Densitinsky rendered good service on the organ in the evening, and Bro. Tim Munton materially assisted in the hymns as well as taking part in the testimonial meetings.

Many expressed the wish that the Army would continue the Camp for some time, as the interest seemed so great.—P. E.

terrestrial Headquarters to take charge of Pittsburgh I.

Major Parker, on account of failing health, has been compelled to retire from active service for some time.

Ensign Duerr, who entered the American Field 12 years ago, is dead.

Mrs. Colonel French and the Mayor of Port Huron, Mich., are related. The Mayor attended her meetings in that city, and has promised very substantial assistance to our work.



Commissioner Kilbey is visiting Natal and conducting special meetings in the large cities.

A cheery letter comes to Cape Town Headquarters from Capt. Lillian Williams, who has been in Bulawayo ever since the war broke out. Referring to her temporary leave, she says: "I have always had sufficient until now. God has wonderfully provided for my wants. Most of our congregation have left for the front. However, I am looking forward to better times. The Captain anticipates a bright future for the Army in Bulawayo. The present strain is telling upon her somewhat. She was laid up for eleven days with influenza, but is now on the march. She says, 'Be assured in the strength of God of my loyalty to Him and the dear old Army. I love it more to-day than ever I have done before, and sincerely pray that this war may soon be over, and that with righteousness and peace reigning, the S. A. may go ahead faster than ever.'"

The S. A. work in Kimberley is assuming its before-the-war aspect. Capt. Quarterman is appointed to Mafeking.

Commissioner Bailton's latest report to the War Cry comes from Knifaria. The Commissioner had a taste of what "trekking" really means. At Riddell Location the natives lit a big fire to express their hearty welcome.



Brigadier and Mrs. Gale, the new leaders of the West Indies, had an enthusiastic reception at Bluefields, Jamaica. The meeting conducted were excellent. Thirty officers were present.



WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE

MAJOR
McMILLAN,
P.O.

TILSONBURG.—We have just had a visit from Mr. D. O. Adjt. McEarg, of Simcoe, who was assisted by Captain Hancock, of Ingersoll, and Capt. Matthews, of Norwich. We can report a good meeting, and we say, "Come again, comrades.—L. K., for Capt. Hockin.

QUELPIE.—I heard the S. A. were going to have a meeting in the Park Sunday, 3 p.m., so I went to see and hear. I saw a big crowd of very respectable people. The band played excellently. One sister danced, and two more attempted it. Altogether it was a good old-time. I also went to the open-air at 6.15, and they had a beautiful time, also the inside meeting at 7.45. The meeting was grand. Bro. Dyson sang, "Have faith in God," and I saw five seekers for mercy before I left.—One who was there.

BRANTFORD.—Glorious S.-D. campaign, target smashed. A week-end visit from Major and Mrs. McMillan, which was much enjoyed by all. Three souls sought the blessing of a clean heart in the holiness meeting. Beautiful open-air meetings. Things in general looking good.—Handmaster.

ESSEX.—Ever since coming to Essex we have been busy thinking about and working for Self-Denial. But thank God, it has not been in vain. By the help of the Lord we have gained the victory and smashed out target of \$75.—Mrs. Capt. Huntington.

CENTRAL ONTARIO PROVINCE

MAJOR TURNER,
Asst. P.O.

RIVERSIDE.—Driving in stinkens, tightening ropes, digging post-holes, putting up fence, erecting tent, etc., etc., are a few of the things the Army ministers were engaged in at week at this end of the city. Sunday was the opening of the tent meetings, and a good day was spent. The new barracks is being started this week.—N. R. T.

BRAMPTON.—On Thursday last we had with us Capt. Nelson, who was formerly in charge of this corps. The Captain rendered valuable assistance. We closed the day with three souls in the Fountain.—Geo. H. Nyland, Capt.

LISGAR ST.—Knee-deep Sunday morning good time. A poor, miserable backslider, who wandered into the barracks, fell at the penitent form and was restored. Staff-Capt. Stanton and his good wife conducted the meetings all day. Good open-air meetings and marches. Warm evening as it was a splendid congregation gathered into the barracks, and we did have a beautiful time. Another backslider, a sister this time, poured out with tears her sorrow over her wrong doing.—S. McFarland, R. C.

MEAFORD.—The visit of Mrs. Brigadier Gaskin and Mrs. Major Turner was much enjoyed by the people of

Menford. The open-air Saturday night was attended by a large crowd of eager listeners. Many followed to the barracks, where a splendid meeting was held. Sunday afternoon and night meetings were held in the Town Hall, where a nice crowd assembled. The music and singing was much appreciated by all. Deep conviction was stamped upon many faces. Mrs. Gaskin and Mrs. Turner received many invitations to come back and do a week's meetings. Capt. Barker and Darrach.

NORTH WEST PROVINCE

MAJOR
SOUTHALL,
P.O.

DAUPHIN.—Troops are advancing. Last Sunday night the march divided and held two open-air. Drove nine miles to country schoolhouse for meeting. One soul. Powerful time last night; closed with two souls. Capt. Elliott is holding meetings this week in country. The new Leons have taken hold well. The General's letters to the soldiers are proving a great blessing. God bless the General! S.-D. passed with many blessings and victories. Juniors' work O. K. "Victory," our motto. No defeat.—Geo. S. Gamble, Capt.

PRINCE ALBERT.—We are very busy. S.-D. is all the rage. One soul since last report. God is working. People are enquiring about God. Victory must come. Splendid meeting last Sunday night; many under conviction, though only one yielded. God set her at liberty.—T. L.

SOLIHUS.—God has been wonderfully blessing us since coming here six weeks ago. A number of souls have been saved, and our crowds and finances A. 1. This week-end meetings were led by our worthy D. O. Ensign Emma Hayes, of Brandon. God came very near in the holiness meeting, and five souls came out for cleansing. Good interest in the afternoon meeting and the night meeting, which was held in the Opera House, was a decided success. The place was crowded, and best of all, two souls came forward. Collections for Sunday, over \$15. We wound up the day with a little converts' meeting, when the Ensign gave a nice talk.

Monday night our troops were reinforced by the Chancellor, Adjt. Cass, of Winnipeg, also Capt. Lock, of Toronto, and Capt. J. Ferguson, with a host of comrades from Brandon, with lots of music. The concert in the Opera House at night was in every way a success. The children did their parts well, especially the club drill by five girls, and the General's Plan, by eight girls. The march of "Soldiers of the Queen" was done nicely by 20 boys and girls, and called forth an applause. Adjt. Cass filled the position of chairman in a most able manner. We finished up our special meetings with an ice cream and cake social, when over 200 people partook of the same. We cleared over \$30, which goes to help our quarters. The people of Souris are a warm-hearted people, and help us in every way. Thanks are due to them for the nice and cozy little home we enjoy, and best of all we are free from debt. A word of praise is due to Mr. Brindley, who kindly donated the hall, giving it a most attractive appearance in Salvation Army style. We have raised our War Cry, and the Band of Love is now being organized; twenty members is our start. Our numbers are increasing, and the converts are coming in nicely.—Capt. Annie Hurst, C. O.

RAT POITAGE.—Self-Denial has come and gone, and while it has meant a great deal of work, it has not been without its blessing. During the week a number of special meetings were held, viz. War Memories Meeting, in which Mrs. Ensign Hankirk gave an interesting address on her field experience, which was enjoyed by all; a National Meeting was the next feature, and attracted a very large crowd to the open-air to see the ten comrades who represented different countries. The inside meeting was also good. A Musical Meeting also followed in line, and a very enjoyable time was spent. Now that the effort is over we are able to record a sweeping victory, having gone some distance over our target.—J. C. H.

FORT WILLIAM.—Open-air meetings are the order of the day here. We have not had any public meetings in the barracks the past week, and we cannot have any for another week, on account of the small-pox epidemic, but we are doing our best in the open-air. Soldiers rally up well, and God helps us to be a blessing to those who listen to our testimonies night after night. S.-D. has been delayed considerably with the breaking-out of the small-pox, but we are believing that we will get the remainder of our target soon.—L. R. McRae, Lieut., for Carrie E. Barringer.

OAKES, N. D.—We are still alive here. Although our indoor crowds are small, we have good open-air. The Lord has wonderfully blessed and helped financially the last three weeks. We not only got our S.-D. target, but also paid off a debt of \$40, thus relieving the corps of a burden which has been upon it for a long time.—F. H. Brown, Capt.

Dancing is part of the musical gymnastics employed in some Chicago schools, its purpose being "to relieve the tension and to teach grace of motion and poise." "Rhythmic movement," the teachers call it, but it is dancing, pure and simple.



CARMAN, MAN., CORPS.

NEW FOUND LAND PROVINCE

BRIGADIER
SHARP,
P.O.

CLARK'S BEACH.—Sunday, a beautiful time. Six souls in the Fountain at night, good cases. Self-Denial target knocked out on the second round. Officers and soldiers in high spirits. The work shall roll on.—J. Moore, Capt.

ROCKY HARBOR.—Souls are getting saved and soldiers are all on fire. The Self-Denial battle is now upon us. Comrades are taking hold in the right spirit, and altogether we are believing that a great victory shall be won.—L. Shepard, Capt.

CARBONAR.—We had with us on Friday night Brigadier Sharp, also Adjt. Kenway, for the opening of our new Junior Hall. The Brigadier explained the purpose of the little hall, then he called upon Capt. Fudge to speak. The Captain has been working all the winter doing his best to get the hall completed. We pray that God will reward him for his labors, and that the little hall may be a Bethel to many. Adjt. Kenway with us Saturday night with his graphophone. Everyone delighted with the meeting.—Sergt. Major Taylor.

LIANT'S HARBOR.—Our Self-Denial is over. Our target is reached; in fact, we went over it. Our dear comrades and friends, so many of them are off for the summer. We miss them very much, but are looking forward to their return with a good trip of fish, and well saved and on fire for souls.—Captain England.

HARBOR GRACE.—Self-Denial was a great victory. Much praise is due to the soldiers for the way in which they helped in this effort. Many of them showed their true self-denying spirit. Sunday, all day, we had with us Capt. Kenway, and at night two souls came to the Mercy Seat. Monday night the Adjutant gave a graphophone service, which was a great success.—E. P. Spracklin, Capt., for Adjt. Boggs.

EAST ONTARIO PROVINCE

BRIGADIER
PUGMIRE,
P.O.

OTTAWA.—We had a very successful day Sunday, June 3rd. Three seeking souls at close. On Thursday evening, Capt. Wilson, accompanied by the brass band, held a great salvation meeting at Rupert's Village, the home of Adjt. Magee, which was a great success. This was the first visit of the S. A. to that place, which is about 22 miles from this place on the Gathuau. On same evening at Ottawa, welcome to Lieut. Edwards, one of our old comrades. Also another soul found victory at the Cross. On Sunday, 10th June, hand commissioned with John Duncan and A. E. Oliver as Bandmaster and Band Sergeant respectively. Capt. Wilson goes home, on account of her mother's illness, for two weeks. Ensign Ottaway is on the tour of the District while Lieut. Chapman, of Rescue Home, says goodbye and Capt. Slater fills the vacancy, and Lieut. Ford receives the rank of Captain. With three souls bowing before God we closed Sunday's work. Self-Denial has been a great success, for which we feel grateful to God.—Sec. French.

The Empire of Morocco is the most important country that is absolutely without a newspaper.

The annual report of Lord Cromer on Egypt and the Sudan tells a story of great prosperity. In Egypt the revenue has reached the highest figure since the British occupation commenced, and shows a surplus of £240,000 of income over expenditure.

EASTERN
PROVINCEMAJOR
PICKERING,
P.O.

KENTVILLE, N. S.—Self-Denial target hit fair and square. We didn't smash the target, we want it for next year. Knee-drill better than usual. Grand open-air in front of the Fort. House Sunday afternoon. Good collection. Soldiers keeping good.—A. Jess, R. C.

HAMPTON. Lately we have seen two souls at the Cross. May God bless them and keep them true. Our open-air meetings are well attended. One gentleman gave fifty cents to the open-air offering. We are now reinforced by Cand. Mitty and Sister Tuck, of St. John I. They are a good help to us.—L. Penny, Ensign; L. Ginnivan, Lieut.

YARMOUTH.—Sunday, the meetings were times of blessing. In the afternoon we had an unusually good time, and eighteen or twenty in the audience testified to God's power to save and keep. Monday night we had a musical meeting, and one soul, a backslider, who had, years before, been an active Christian, came back to God.—A. E. H.

GLACE BAY.—The regular S. D. Week was one of decided victory. Inside attendance increased two hundred for the week over any week since Captain Thompson took charge. Marches increased by 21. Junior meetings more than doubled. 835 over our target, and lots of all what has been done. War Cry readers have been converted to God. Our knee-drills have gone away up since the "war" began.—J. T. McIversen, Sergt.-Major.

SOUTHAMPTON, Ber.—On Tuesday night we had a special meeting, entitled, "Five Scenes in Christianity," conducted by Capt. Goodwin, from Somerset. The little Juniors went through their different parts satisfactorily. It was well appreciated. The barracks was packed out. Everybody seemed to enjoy themselves. We pray that the results will be someone deciding for the Kingdom. Things are going ahead down here. Capt. Cowan is leading her troops on to victory.—C. E. Harrison, J. S. S.

NORTH SYDNEY.—Some people do a lot of talking about what they are going to do, but in this town we believe that it's better to be able to publish what has been done. War Cry readers have noticed that there is a knee-drill race going on between Glace Bay and North Sydney. Glace Bay people said that they were going to win, but the first month has ended, and Capt. Thompson and his troops are out of sight. "When will they appear?"—A. B. C.

GAMBRIELTON, N. B.—Since coming here, four weeks ago, we have had some good times. On Monday night we had the joy of seeing one young man kneeling at the Cross crying for mercy; also a young woman, who had herself unconsciously to the Lord.—Lieut. A. M. McKie, for Capt. A. B. Jackson.

PACIFIC
PROVINCEMAJOR
HARGRAVE,
P.O.

GREAT FALLS.—S. D. a glorious success. Mrs. Cummins collected \$118.75. Several souls at the penitent from since last report. J. S. war doing nicely.—W. Cummins.

MISSOULA. Captains. Southall and Ziehlman have hit the bull's-eye and come out with flying colors in raising their Self-Denial target. Great credit is due them for their faithfulness and we are praising God for victory and

that Missoula is O. K. In the Sunday afternoon meeting, one backslider came back to the fold.—J. H. Hurst, R. C.

NELSON.—Since last report eighteen precious souls have been rescued from the devil and sin, nine of which have been made into Red Blood-and-Fire soldiers. Praise God! The Self-Denial target has been smashed to pieces. The Juniors helped wonderfully. To God be all the glory.—White Wings.

KAMLOOPS.—The work of the Army in Kamloops has distinctly improved of late. Soldiers for holiness are more numerous. Two of two have recently laid hold of the blessing, as can readily be noted by their testimony. We have had two beautiful ones at the Poinsett this week. Would that it was two hundred instead of two. Last week there were one or two cases. One beautiful case recently I must tell you of. A young man listened to our open-air testimony meeting. We had two open-air last night, and he followed us to the second meeting. He attended the indoor meeting afterwards. When the meeting was dismissed he went out with the rest. Someone knocked at the door of the barracks just as the officers were about to leave. "Captain," said this young man referred to, "I must see you to-night. I want to get saved, and I cannot make up my mind to leave town to-night till I settle this question once for all." The Captain, of course, showed him the way, and soon the young man was weeping over his sins and calling upon God for pardon; of course he got what he asked for. This soul-saving work is all right.—Soldier.

The N. and M. League at Victoria, B.C.

The Naval and Military League here can report great blessings since we have started our League meetings, which are held every Thursday night. If you could just see and hear us lads in the Queen's uniform, ten of us, on the platform, you would truly say, the Lord is good. Finally, it is so good after our day's work is done to be able to get away to the meetings. Our only desire is to see souls brought out of darkness into the light; our one aim is to go on to victory. I read about the dear lads that have arrived home from the front; and the reception that they got after fighting faithfully for their country, and I thought about the reception that we shall get when we are called Home, after our fight is finished. What tongue can tell the joy when we pass through the Pearly Gates and meet our dear Saviour face to face.

We had a glorious week-end; the Lord was with us, showering down the blessings all day Sunday. The meetings were largely attended. Our League meeting last Thursday was a time of power; the people in the town were nearly wild celebrating the taking of Victoria, but we had a good crowd inside. The meeting was led by Brother Johnson, of H. M. S. "Warspite," and we were rejoicing even greater than the world was, because we had been relieved from the chains of sin that had bound us. Our officers, Staff-Capt. Galt and Capt. McDrew, are ever-ready in their labors for the extension of the Master's kingdom.—Gunner S. Campbell, Naval and Military League.

A TRIP BY STAGE
THROUGH NEW COUNTRY.

After a rather nice turn at Pembroke, which was quite a success financially, I took the Pembroke Southern for Golden Lake Junction, where we had to wait nearly three hours for the train to Barry's Bay. You have doubtless heard the fable of the cruel boys and the frogs, in which the frogs are made to say to the boys, on account of their cruelty,

"It is Fun to You, but Death to Us."

Well, sir, that time at the Junction was solid fun for the mosquitoes. Well has the poet said, "But the waiting time, my brothers, is the hardest time of all."

At last the train bove in sight and we are off to Barry's Bay, where we hope to get a boat to Combermere that night, but disappointment awaits us, and we find we have to stage it over 13 miles of rough road, without one dwelling near to break the monotony. It was sand, mud, rock; rock, sand, mud; mud, rock, sand; enlivened at last by a bush fire and an extra good baby on board the stage.

Combermere at last. Arriving at the parsonage, I was soon made at home by the Rev. Mr. McConnell and his worthy wife. This brotherly minister had taken all care to announce and arrange my meeting, and then acted as door-keeper; and a very nice meeting was enjoyed, with a good substantial collection at the door. Mr. McConnell announced that I would preach on Sunday. So I settle down to spend the next two days in this little spot, and a very enjoyable time it was. A fine village at the foot of a mountain, the parsonage just two or three rods from a nice sheet of water, a nice boat, and a minister and his wife who treat you like a brother, and what more do you want for a quiet, enjoyable day? I shall not soon forget the kindness shown me here.

Saturday afternoon I went out about two miles to the home of Lieut. Yandaw. I find here some warm friends of the S. A. I visited several other families and was astonished afterwards to find I had visited a brother of one of my former Lieutenants.

Sunday morning I visited the Methodist Sunday School and found myself put in for leader. They were a nice lot of children, and listened attentively to the little talk I gave them at the close. At 2 p.m. I attended the Church of England service, and heard one of the best boys' voices it has been my privilege to hear for a long time. Just behind me a little fellow wakened the sweetest music. What is sweeter than to hear the clear, young voice full of real music, sing, "If I ask Him to receive me, will He say me, Nay?"

At 6.30 I spoke in the Methodist Church. I noticed one man with tears in his eyes. It may have been my sermon made him cry, or perhaps he was

so sorry he had come. He didn't tell me which.

Monday there was an eclipse of the sun here; it may have occurred in other places also. I sat studying the Encyclopedia Britannica. I don't know it all yet, but I know more than I did. At night I led a prayer meeting, and helped to put a little boy together who had been kicked to pieces by a horse. Poor little chap, his scalp was laid open for about four inches, yet he bore the dressing of it like a soldier. God bless little Biddie; may he grow up to follow Jesus and bear wounds as bravely for Him.

Tuesday. Doubtless you have heard, sir, of the Irishman who was hired to a farmer, who declared he liked this country, for people made you get up in the night to eat. Well, the night was just nicely passed when I had to rise and eat and strike for the stage, which conveys us over 25 miles of the worst road I have ever traveled to, Maynooth. If a man can live on fine scenery and fresh air, let him come to Maynooth, and settle half way to Maynooth.

In a talk I had with the boy who drove the stage, he stoutly declared his intention never to use liquor. I was glad to find a lad engaged on a rough job who had such a high temperance backbone. Liquor flows plentifully here. Over and over I have been told it is the curse of the country. Every little village has from one to three hotels, or places where liquor may be obtained. The Methodist ministers are fighting it with a degree of success, thank God. Oh, thou enemy of mankind, thief of all virtue, blighter of all beauty, breaker of hearts, robber of heaven, recruiting-office of hell, in God bless thee enemies, and curse thee till thou fall to rise no more!

Wednesday. I have discovered that my traveling companion of yesterday is a wonderful person—a man of sharp wit and good humor, a host master, a teacher in Canada. Little did I think I had conversed with such a notable; and this information came direct from himself, so it must be correct. We had to rise at 3.30 to take the stage to Bancroft, and in the arrangement of seats I sat down on the professor's hat. I shall reserve my report of what followed till next time.—Jos. Parker, Ensign.

"Nature Does It"

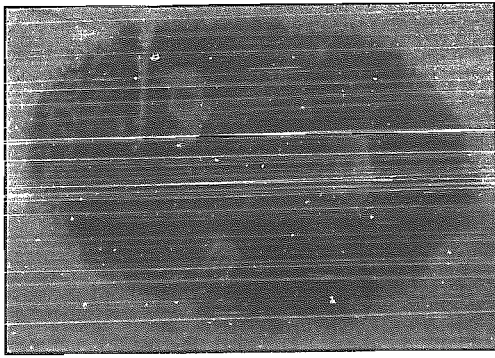
Prof. Magendie, the great French physician, whose experiments and teachings are recorded and scattered over the whole globe, addressed the students at the Paris Medical College in the following language: "Gentlemen, medicine is a great humbug. It is nothing like sciences. Doctors are more charlatans when they are not charlatans. We are ignorant as men can be. I must tell you frankly that I know nothing about medicines. I repeat to you that there is no such thing as a medical science. People are cured, but how? Nature does a great deal, but doctors do very little."

A Jewish Fable.

A Jewish fable says, "Every man has two angels, one standing on the right hand, and one on the left. When he does anything good, the angel on the right hand writes it down and seals it, because what is once done well is done for ever. When he does evil, the angel on the left hand marks it down, but does not seal it. He waits until midnight; if before that time the man bows his head and exclaims, 'Gracious God, I have sinned, forgive me,' the angel rubs the misdeed out, but if not, at midnight he seals it, and the angel on the right hand weeps."—Jewish Daily News.

A Child's Prayer.

A little boy named James Stanfield once offered the following prayer:—"Make us all gooder and gooder, till we can't be no gooder!" From the time he could first talk his mother taught him to pray, and in after years he became a great, good man—the Right Hon. James Stanfield. Not a long ago, he passed away, loved and respected by all for his goodness and piety. Be praying boys and girls, and you will grow into righteous men and women.



CAPTAIN AND MRS. GILLAN, NORTH-WEST PROVINCE.



Helena's Oldest Soldier Joins the Army Triumphant.

Helena corps has lost one of its oldest soldiers. Capt. F. Chandler, who was promoted to lieutenant the 22nd day of April, he was the first Army convert in Helena, and at once took a firm stand for God as an Army soldier. He had, previous to his conversion, lived a very wild and sinful life, and Bro. Chandler realized that he had been forgiven much and therefore he loved much. He was devoted by all for the humble, Christlike spirit he possessed, and his faithfulness a God and the Army. He held several positions—Iron Sergeant, Color Sergeant, and Sergeant-Major. Then came he trying time for Bro. Chandler. His health failed him and he was obliged to leave Helena for Oklahoma, looking the climate there would benefit him. However, the chance did not do him any good, as he grew worse instead of better, and returned to Helena a little over two months ago, and was permitted once more to look upon his birthplace, and add his testimony among the comrades to the keeping power of Christ. Although there was no S. A. Oklahoma, yet he was true to the cross he had taken, and was



FRANK CHANDLER,
of
Helena,
Mont.

a brave soldier to the last. His sickness was very trying indeed, being cancer of the stomach. He suffered very much, but under it all he was very patient and given up to his Master's will. As friends and comrades visited him on his deathbed he spoke to them about being true to God and staying in the Army. Towards the last he raised himself up in bed and sang his favorite song, "There's a light in the valley." Then he said, "It is all well with my soul." Adjt. Stevens and Capt. Scott saw the soldier's friend, who around him, when he passed to the regions of light.

He leaves a wife and three children to mourn their great loss, but we are glad to know that God has said He is a Comforter to the widow and a Father to the fatherless.

We gave him a soldier's funeral, and the barracks was crowded with sympathizing friends. Adjt. Stevens conducted the service, assisted by Capt. Scott. The Adjutant presided very nicely upon them all the great need of being ready for the Master's call. The memorial service was held the evening following and was largely attended, the service being very impressive. Hardly a dry eye could be seen in the barracks. We trust that many will follow our dear comrade's example and choose the better part.—B. M. to soldiers.

—elle—

To Heaven from Pilley's Island.

"My soul is all right. I am not afraid to die." These were the words spoken by Sister Anderson, in answer to the Captain's question a few hours before she passed away.

The first day of January, the first Sunday night meeting the Captain led, Sister Anderson, who had been a backslider for some time, came to God and gave herself to Him once more. Since then she has lived a Christian life. Many times during the past winter she used to express herself by testimony in

the barracks, and by conversation with others, that she had never felt better in her soul.

Her death was quite sudden, just three days sick, and on May 30th, at half-past seven at night, the chariot lowered. Sister Anderson leaves a husband and six children, and also a sorrowing father. To these we extend our sincerest sympathy.

We buried her yesterday according to Army regulations, in our quiet little graveyard at Spencer's Dock, to await the resurrection morning.

The Captain is to conduct another funeral to-morrow, which makes seven Army funerals in five months.—J. J.

In a Watery Grave.

Sad Death of a Faithful S. A. Soldier.

Bro. Bainbridge, one of our pioneer converts of Medicine Hat, has gone to the throne of glory to be crowned by the hand of Jehovah. A short time ago he went down the river in a small boat made for the purpose of carrying provisions to a ranch about one hundred miles down. As the boat was being loaded some gentlemen passed the remark that it didn't look any too safe, and I, being of the same opinion, asked Bro. Bainbridge if he wasn't afraid it would sink, but he said, "If God sees fit to call me away, it will come to me, and I don't get to worry again I want you to meet me in heaven," and these words were, I believe, the cause of my coming back to the fold for I bore the name of a backslider at the time. As the little craft floated into the deep I stood watching it with a heavy heart, and wondering if it would ever return. About a week later came the report that while running the rapids they had struck a rock, and the boat sank, and Bro. Bainbridge was seen no more, his comrades reaching shore in safety.

Bro. Bainbridge's death was keenly felt by all who knew him, and especially by the corps. Although his body had a watery grave, we believe his soul is passed over the sea where all powerful, bright, and fair. Bro. Bert Payton.

The German army is to have a number of automobiles to be used not only for the transportation of the baggage, provisions and ammunition, but also for the rapid transportation of soldiers.

VVV

While women have only been recently admitted to German universities, the doctor's degree was conferred on a young woman named Dorothea von Schlozer as early as 1787, at Göttingen, after an examination in Latin, architecture, mining, and algebra.

VVV

At Mascari, near the foot of Mount Etna, it is to be seen the largest tree in the world. Its trunk is three hundred and four feet in circumference. The largest tree in the United States is said to be the cyclops tree near Bear Creek, on the north fork of the Tule River in California. It measures one hundred and forty feet in circumference.

VVV

The Italians are an exceedingly poor people generally, and their poverty is aggravated by a system of taxation which lays crushing burdens upon most of the necessities of life. Salt is a Government monopoly, and no one can draw a bucket of water out of the sea without permission, lest he should seek to evade the tax by extracting the salt contained in the water.



II.—THE ROMANS.

CHAPTER XIII.

Although defeated once, the Samnites continued to be a strong nation and a menace to Rome. In 322 B. C., while Alexander the Great was making his famous conquest of the East, his uncle Alexander, King of Epirus, invaded Italy. At that time Southern Italy had numerous great cities, from which that part of the peninsula was called Greater Greece. Alexander stayed in Italy six years and was then killed. During his stay he attacked the Samnites, and the Romans made an alliance with them against their old enemy. Rome formed alliances with such cities as were in fear of the Samnites, in order to overthrow them.

Two cities were important yet, Palaeopolis and Neapolis. The older told an easy story to the Romans, while the latter submitted voluntarily. These two cities, however, often changed sides between the Romans and the Samnites.

During the siege of Palaeopolis, the consul's term expired. The Senate elected a new consul at Rome, instead of re-calling Publilius Philo, one of the old consuls, who commanded the army. They appointed him pro-consul. This was the beginning of the custom to send consuls in time of war, or to govern distant provinces as pro-consuls.

In 320 B. C., a dictator was appointed on account of the consul's sickness. Lucius Papirius, the dictator, was severe in his rule. Once, when he was obliged to return to Rome to assume a religious ceremony, he charged his lieutenant, Fabius Rullianus, not to fight during his absence. However, such an excellent opportunity for a brilliant victory presented itself that Fabius could not resist. He defeated the enemy, killing 20,000 men. He was very selfish and hated to have the spoils of his victory given to the dictator, so he burnt them himself. When Papirius heard of this disobedience he had Fabius sentenced to death. While the Ritors were stripping him, he managed to escape among the soldiers, who closed around him, and so prevented the Ritors from recapturing him. He reached Rome, where his father called the senate together, who showed themselves so resolved to save Fabius that Papirius was forced to pardon him.

Two years later the Romans marched into Samnium, where the Samnites, under Pontius Herennius sent spies disguised as shepherds, to entice the Romans into a narrow mountain pass, near Canusium, the exit of which had been blocked up with trunks of trees. As soon as the Romans entered the narrow pass the entrance was likewise blocked up, and so they were caught in a trap.

The Samnites enquired of the father of their commander, a wise man, what to do with the army. The father advised that the way be opened and the Romans allowed to go free. This would have made friends and allies of them. But the Samnites were unwilling to let their quarry go without advantage.

"Then kill them all," said the father of the snare. This also seemed undesirable to the people. So they decided upon a course, which proved the worst of all. They compelled the Romans to lay down their weapons, and take off their armor, and then the Samnites agreed to a disgraceful peace. Then they were compelled to pass beneath an archway of spears into liberty. In silence the degraded army marched out, and then turned upon the ground at nightfall. The city of Capua pitied them, and brought them food. At their entrance in Rome the city went into mourning; the ladies wore no jewelry, and shops were closed. The consuls resigned and new ones were elected.

Bereave was thought of now. Posthumus, one of the consuls who had sworn peace, was bound and sent back to the Samnites. When the Roman herald had delivered him, Posthumus turned and killed him, saying, "If an ally is a Samnite, and have insulted you, this is a just cause of war."

Although the Samnites considered this action a trick unworthy of the Romans, yet they allowed Posthumus to go back

safely to Rome, which received him as having retrieved his honor.

In an ensuing battle, Pontius and 7,000 Samnites were compelled to lay down their arms and to pass under the spears in turn. The struggle between these two nations went on for seventy years with changing success. The Romans had also to fight Etruria and the Gauls.

The Samnites were considered at an end in 290 B. C. At that time the chief general of the Samnites, Pontius Telesinus, was taken a prisoner and put to death at Rome.

Prisoners of War.

Extracts from Letters Sent to Major Allen, Head of the Naval and Military League.

Pte. J. Flook, C. Co., 1st Gloucester Regt., Prisoner of War, Waterlall, near Pretoria.

Dear Major,—I know that you will be very glad to receive this from one of your Leaguers who are among the prisoners here at Waterlall. I have been here six months, as I was one of those who were taken prisoner on the 20th of October, the same day. Brother Marshall was promoted to Glory. I was also wounded myself through my right wrist, but it was not serious, as I was only in hospital a month with it.

Now, dear Major, I know that you will say, "Hallelujah!" when you hear that God is working amongst us in this prison. Since we have been here 33 souls have found Christ, and it makes me feel how good God is when we see so many souls saved from misery. But we are still believing for more, which I know we shall have if we have faith in Him. We are a happy band of Christians, all of one mind, and all in one place, though not all of one sect. But, thank God! we work together to overthrow the strongholds of Satan, and to build up the Kingdom of God. We have a good-sized tent, holding between fifty and sixty persons, which is packed every night, inside and out, with men who are anxious to hear about Jesus and His dying love; besides having Gospel meetings every night, we have Bible studies every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, so you see that all things are working together for good to them that love God. When we are in prison or on the battlefield, we can sing praises unto our God.

Besides myself in here, there are Bros. S. Crow, J. Crow (1st Gloucester), Bro. Woodcote (18th Hussars), Bro. Sparrow (the Buffs), and Bro. Finsland, one of the brothers of the Worcester Leaguers, and Bro. Hiles (Royal Irish Rifles); so you see that the dear old Army is well represented here. We are all marching forward to Zion.

VVV

4481 Pte. F. W. Woollett, B. Co., 18th Hussars (Prisoner of War).

Dear Major,—I take the liberty of trespassing upon your time, hoping that by the grace of God it may meet you in the enjoyment of good health. I have been a "prisoner of war" since the 20th of October, but, glory to God! my heart is free from sin and all its powers. You will be glad to hear from one of your fighting comrades, both for the Lord, and Queen and country, who is, unfortunately, somewhat shut up; but, thanks be to God, we are not shut out from Him who is the Omnipresent and Omnipotent God.

With the Bible applied to our hearts, and the fire burning within us, then all is well. Do you know, I praise God for ever bringing me into prison, and having a number of my comrades. I can shout, "Hallelujah!" from my heart. There is quite a happy band of us—Salvationists, Wesleyans, and Baptists, and others. The Boer officials granted us a Gospel tent, and the Lord has blessed it with about thirty souls.

How the Lord is blessing us! We are just like Paul, singing praises unto God in prison. We never will give up our dear old General's motto: "On, on, and still on!"

Notwithstanding Russia's enormous expenditure for the construction of the Trans-Siberian Railway, and for increasing the strength of her army and navy, her revenues during the last 12 years have exceeded her disbursements by 700,000,000 roubles.

General Secretary's Jottings

The Commissioner's meeting for Local Officers at the Temple was a decided success. The Locals and Officers present heartily enjoyed the meeting, and deeply appreciated the opportunity of listening to the wise words of counsel on some very timely topics. There is no doubt but that the meeting will prove a blessing to our work in the city, and will be an impetus to all concerned. The Commissioner's address was excellent.

Adj. and Mrs. McGill farewell from Skagway on July 8th, and after having a couple of weeks' rest on the Coast, will take an appointment in the Pacific Province. They will be succeeded in Skagway by Capt. Florie Southall and Lieut. —. We predict for the new officers a successful term in this Alaskan city.

Adj. Frank Morris, after a safe journey from Dawson City, arrived in Toronto on June 10th, and was given a hearty reception by his Headquarters comrades.

Adj. and Mrs. Barr, and Captains Lloyd and Wilcox left Winnipeg on June 14th, and sail from Vancouver for the gold regions on June 20th.

Capt. LeCoeq is holding on until the arrival of Adj. Barr, at Dawson City.

We regret to say that Ensign Elly has been somewhat unwell with a bad cold. The Commissioner has kindly arranged for her to have a furlough on her return from the Klondike, before taking another appointment.

Capt. Kenney remains in Dawson until the Fall.

Adj. Wiggins, portly and hearty, has farewell from Barrie and takes an appointment in the Eastern Province. His grant that he and his dear wife may be made a great blessing.

Adj. DesBrisy, who has been resting for two months in fair and lovely Bermuda, takes charge of the Barrie Corps and District.

Capt. George McLelland and wife have taken charge of the Toronto Shelter.

Design and Mrs. Fletcher, with their two little darlings are farewelling from Hamilton Shelter, and proceed to —.

The Commissioner, with the Staff Band, is visiting Grimby Park on July 14th and 15th. We are expecting great times, and shall not be disappointed.

Inquirer.—No. Opinions cannot be counted as indoor meetings, nor yet can the congregations be counted as such.

Candidates! Candidates! Candidates! Wanted.—Young men and women with sanctified brain and backbone, and who have a yearning love for souls! The harvest is great, and the laborers are few! Apply at once to your Provincial Officer. Do not hold back any longer.



ENSIGN HARKIRK AND CAPT. MERON, Representing the "Wild and Woolly West" at their National Meeting in Rat Portage.

"GOOD-BYE, DAWSON!"

On Friday, May 18th, around a well-loued table, sat a company of people who excelled themselves at the task set before them, the event being the final farewell of Adj. Morris. The chairman, Mr. Heatherington, B.A., B.D., called on Mr. Sheppard and Capt. Kenney, who spoke of the pleasant companionship of the Adjutant, the latter speaking of him very enthusiastically as a comrade he had lived and fought with to advantage. The writer soloed, "I love Him best of all." Bro. Riddle was next called, and he said that he was pleased to have met the Adjutant, adding that he was not afraid to strike a town broke where the S. A. was. Mrs. Heatherington sang, reminding us of home. The ministers spoke at some length of their acquaintance with the Adjutant, commenting on the work done in the city and other places. The Adjutant thanked the company over and over for their kind wishes and for their personal assistance in the past, relating some incidents of interest to the present. He felt sure that they would receive the new officers with open arms and open pocket-books. We sang, "God be with you till we meet again." Mr. Heatherington bringing the gathering to a close by prayer. We shall miss the Adjutant, but our loss is others' gain. The prayers and wishes of his comrades and friends to love him—Froggie.

TORONTO OFFICERS BOMBARD MARKHAM.

"All aboard!" was the command, and Major Turner and Staff-Capt. Stuyvon, with several of the city officers, were found in a car driving in the direction of Markham, 10 miles away, where they were to do a special Self-Denial meeting. After a three and a-half hours' drive we found ourselves entering the town. After we arrived at our hotel we had a "brush off" etc., and then were found marching down the street to a large hotel. The people stood around anxious to hear what was said. Rife of all kinds stopped. When the offering was being taken up we soon found that there were many generous hearts only waiting for a chance to give a good collection was given. An invitation was given to the Methodist Church, which was kindly lent to us for the meeting. The people followed and the place was well filled. The orchestra was composed as follows: Major Turner and Capt. White, concert time; Staff-Capt. Stuyvon, cornet; Capt. Richardson, violin; Capt. Wilson and Kivell and your humble servant, guitars; Sergt-Major Seeds, drums. After a selection by the orchestra, Major Horn read a few verses from the word of God. Trios, duets, and solos were given. Capt. White then reminded the people how they had so kindly come to his assistance with an S. & P. effort and how he believed, by the crowded church and the attention given, that they were ready to show their sympathy to the work of the S. A. Of course a good collection was given and several bought the War Cry. Major Turner gave a nice interesting talk on what the Army was doing in Africa and India and all round the world. Adj. DesBrisy then gave a very good talk, and thanked the friends who had given up their church for a meeting. We closed one of the best meetings held in Markham for a long time.—N. R. T.

Things Worth Knowing.

British India now has 140 colleges and 17,000 students.

VVV

In 1788 only 465 visitors went to Carlsbad for the purpose of securing the benefit of the waters, while the number of visitors last year was 50,000, of whom 2,158 were Americans.

VVV

The name of the winds known as "monsoon" is supposed to be derived from the Arabic word meaning "seasons."

VVV

Friendler Scheel paid a visit to Finland, as the representative of I. H. Q. in connection with the next Congress, which opened at Helsinki on June 6th.

Adj. Babinington Farewells from Spokane

On Monday last the Spokane soldiery lost their leader, in the person of Adj. Babinington, who has been leading on the forces for the past eight months. Sunday was her last Sunday at the corps before taking a four-months' furlough, which includes a visit to England to her home, which she left five years ago to come to this country.

Right from 7 o'clock knee-drill till the finish at night, God came near and poured out His Spirit. At the night service many testified to the blessing the Adjutant had been to them, amongst the number being those who had stepped into light and liberty since her command. Capt. Noble, her faithful A. D. C., was unable to say anything, but the Adj. spoke very beautifully of her Christlike character, and what a help she has been. We finished up with a consecration song, renewing our vows to God.

Since the Adjutant's stay at Spokane some

One Hundred and Four Souls

have knelt at the Mercy Seat. A nice little crowd were down at the Great Northern Depot on Monday morning to bid the Adjutant God-speed on her long journey.—A Soldier.



To Parents, Relations and Friends: We will search for missing persons in any part of the globe; and as far as possible, send missing women and children home in safety. Address Geo. E. Evans, 100 South, 16 Alameda, Toronto, and mark "Inquiry" on the envelope. They can be sent, and, possibly, to their homes.

Officers, Soldiers and Friends are requested to send missing names and addresses to the Adj. Babinington, who is able to give any information about persons advertised for.

First Insertion.

GARDINER, WILLIAM HARMAN. Age 28. Was brought with brother Victor from Boston to Detroit in 1880, and parted in Wayne County. Victor enquires. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

WESTWARD, ANNIE. Age 80. Last known address, Lambton County, Nova Scotia. Sister Enquires. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

TULLY, EDWARD. Left Dresden 12 years ago. Last heard of in Denver, Col. Brother enquires. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

HACKETT, THOMAS WALTER. Age 33, height 6 ft., brown hair and eyes. Was boss in stone quarry. Last heard of nine years ago in Porto Cervo, Cal. Supposed to be in Capt. Name, Alaska. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

PUNHAM, GEORGE H. Age 31, height 5 ft. 4 in., fair, thick set. Left San Francisco for Dawson, in March, 1898. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

Second Insertion.

TREWELLA, WILLIAM. Age 31, height 5 ft. 5 in. Occupation a miner. Last heard of three years ago at Caribou Gold Mines, Halifax Co., N. S. Mother in England very anxious. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

HOFFMAN, WILLIAM HERMAN. Fair complexion, light brown hair, age 22. Last heard of in Minneapolis, Minn. Thought to have gone West. Friends in Kallispell anxious. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

HEARNEY, JOHN. Age 40, medium height, dark complexion. Born in Ireland. Lived a number of years in Newfoundland. Last heard of three years ago in New York. Sister in Toronto has money for him. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

FISHER, JOHN ERNEST. Age 21, height 5 ft. 10 in., fair complexion, brown eyes. Carpenter by trade. Left Collingwood, Ont., two years ago. Last heard of in Skagway, Alaska. Mother enquires. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

McINTYRE, FINDLAY. Left Renfrew in December, 1880. Last heard of at Malin P. O., Idaho, H. S. A. Height 6 ft. 1 in., light brown hair,

blue eyes, weight 185 lbs., age 35. Sisters Mary Ann and Christiana enquire. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

COMPTITS, JOHN T. Age 31, height 5 ft. 9 in., black hair, brown eyes. Believed to have come to Canada in company with Annie Henn, age 30, height 5 ft. 5 in., brown hair and eyes. Friends anxious. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

SMITH, HOMER F. Left Gove near April 11th, 1890. Last seen from at Yorktown, S. D. Age 31, dark hair and eyes, florid complexion, smooth face, height 5 ft. 9 in. \$ reward for any news of his whereabouts.

THOMPSON, JAMES H. Age 31, height 5 ft. 6 in., fair complexion, blue eyes. Left Portage la Prairie 2 years ago to work on Crow's Neck Pass. Mother anxious. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

GOSSE, JAMES. Home in "Tito



Heard of months ago from New York, enquire to St. John, Ontario. Then a Salvationist on board schooner Cleo. Mother very anxious. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

HUDDLESTONE EDWARD (all Brown). Age 61, height 5 ft. 7 in. gray or white hair, dark eyes at complexion. May be Life Assurance Agent. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

BAGLEY, MAGGIE. Age 23, height 5 ft. 6 in. Last heard of in Hamilton two years ago. Then a Salvationist. Father enquires. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

HOHN, ARTHUR. Age 30 years fair complexion, height 6 ft. Last heard from ten years ago, then working on the river boat at Spring Han

Supposed to have gone to the Indian Territory. Mother anxious. Address Enquiry, Toronto.



The Siege of Ladysmith.

A special correspondent of the Times writes out London some interesting statistical information respecting the siege. When the siege commenced, on November 2nd, the effective strength of the garrison was 572 officers and 12,992 men. There were 20 officers and 22 men sick and wounded. The horses numbered 5,300, the mules 4,530, the oxen 1,701, the attendants 2,412. There were 55 guns and 18 machine-guns. During the siege 18 officers were killed and 139 men, 70 officers, and 530 men were wounded, and 10 men were missing. Of the wounded 8 officers and 51 men died, and 12 officers, 529 men, and 2 followers died of disease. It is instructive to note that the only losses due to casual bombardment were one officer and 23 men killed, 25 officers and 20 men wounded—of them 2 officers and 16 men died—and 23 men in hospital. The total admissions to hospital during the siege were 10,688. Disease, chiefly enteric and dysentery, commenced to assume serious proportions towards the end of December, and attained its greatest height at the end of January. The death rate increased from the end of December, and from the second week of January averaged over eight deaths per diem. The effective strength at the termination of the siege—March 1st—returned as 463 officers and 9,761 men but a significant note is added, "There are the only troops fit to do even a two miles' march." There were at that date 134 officers and 923 men in hospital. The horses were dwindled to 2,907, the mules to 3,713, and the oxen to 252.

Hustlers' Rendezvous.

Tremendous Developments!—Down? Goes Arab? and Up Comes
Nigger!—Let Mag Alone—The Eastern Star has Set—
The Southall-Hargrave Trust—A Splendid
Boomer—A Trade Trick.

NOTES BY ERNEST ENTERPRISE.

THE ONTARIO COMPETITION

Central Ontario Province	87
East Ontario Province.....	86
West Ontario Province	85

booming line, it is better to let three sell 20 each than one sell 60. 'Cause why? Because you then get two extra names to your Province's credit. There's tricks in all trades but ours!

THE ONTARIO PROVINCES.

CENTRAL ONTARIO PROVINCE.

87 Hustlers.

Adjut. Lamb, Hamilton I.	120
Adjut. Moore, St. Catharines	80
Sergt. Pearce, Temple	71
Adjut. Wiggins, Barrie	71
Lieut. McCleannan, Newmarket	70
Lieut. Leggot, Barrie	62
Lieut. Parker, Hamilton II.	60
Lieut. Bond, Owen Sound	59
Capt. Hargrave, Toronto	58
Nellie Richards, Lindsay	55
Capt. Hanna, Lindsay	52
Capt. McCann, Collingwood	50
Lieut. Pattenden, Collingwood	50
Capt. Barker, Meaford	50
Capt. Hargrave, Meaford	50
Lieut. Bone, Barrie	50
Mrs. Bowber, Lisgar St.	50
Ensign Walker, Richmond St.	50
Lieut. White, Riverside	50
Capt. Trickey, Riverside	50
Sergt. Golder, Riverside	50
Mrs. Lighthouse, Hamilton I.	50
Capt. Chink, Owen Sound	50
Capt. Stolkier, Riverside	48
Lieut. Pattenden, Sudbury	45
Capt. Iennie, Sudbury	45
Bro. Dixon, Temple	45
Capt. Ravenhurst	43
Sergt. Gils, Yorkville	43
Sergt. Tuk, Lisgar St.	43
Capt. Cornish, Dovercourt	42
Capt. Matthews, Lisgar St.	40
Capt. Connors, Dundas	40
Capt. Peck, Dundas	40
Mother Curry, Hamilton II.	40
Lieut. Stickels, Parry Sound	37
Capt. Hanksinon, Parry Sound	37
Mrs. Moore, Lindsay	37
Lieut. Carwardine, Bowmanville	36
Capt. Bowers, Little Current	35
Capt. Christopher, Little Current	35
Capt. Bowers, Huntsville	35
Lieut. Stickels, Huntsville	35
Capt. Charlton, North Bay	35
Capt. Dales, Midland	35
Lieut. Phillips, Midland	35
Capt. Bowers, Temple	35
Cadet Porter, Lisgar St.	32
Cadet Bushey, Lisgar St.	32
Florida Potter, Hamilton I.	32
Cand. J. Smith, Midland	30
Bro. Evelyn, Oshawa	30
Capt. Bowers, Fenelon Falls	30
Capt. Howcroft, Fenelon Falls	30
Lieut. Howcroft, Fenelon Falls	30
Capt. Poole, Chesley	30
Capt. Capper, Kilmount	30
S. M. Stunden, Bracebridge	30
Capt. Wilson, Lippincott St.	30
Capt. Kinn, Lippincott St.	30
Sister Matheson, Lippincott St.	30
M. Mauberville, Hamilton I.	30
Sergt. Stevens, St. Catharines	27
Capt. Banks, St. Catharines	27
S. M. Bowers, Lisgar St.	27
Capt. Stevens, Aurora	27
Lieut. McCleannan, Aurora	25
Mrs. Rustin, Lisgar St.	25
Sergt. Mrs. Moore, Yorkville	25
Lieut. Culvert, Yorkville	25
Lieut. Reynolds, Bowmanville	25
Bro. Moore, Lippincott St.	25
Capt. H. Hall, Riverside	24
Sergt. Kane, St. Catharines	23
P. S.-M. Courtmanche, Norland	22
Cand. Kennedy, Yorkville	20
Mrs. Liston, Uxbridge	20
Rose Trusty, Newmarket	20
Capt. Hargrave, Newmarket	20
Lieut. Marshall, Richmond St.	20
Lieut. Price, Owen Sound	20
Mrs. Speuce, Dovercourt	20
Sister Gee, Hamilton II.	20
Capt. Fisher, North Bay	20
Sergt. Mrs. Broder, Temple	20
Sister Brook, Oshawa	20
Sister Robinson, Oshawa	20

EAST ONTARIO PROVINCE

86 Hustlers

Lieut. McEwan, Ottawa	157
Capt. Downey, St. Johnsbury	150
Serjt. Major Dudley, Ottawa	122
P. S. M. Rice, Montreal I.	113
Capt. McNamee, Sherbrooke (av. 2)	2
(wk)	110
Capt. Neil, St. Albans	103
Capt. Nelson, St. Albans	105
Mrs. Ensign Wynn, Pictou	100
Lieut. Ludlow, Barre	109
Serjt. Rogers, Montreal	87
Adjt. Ogilvie, Cornwall	75
Lieut. Thompson, Cornwall	75
Capt. Joseph, Cornwall	75
Capt. Luke, Deseronto	73
Capt. Capt. Stacey, Gannanogue	72
Mrs. Capt. Carter, Belleville	63
Ensign Ottawa, Ottawa	60
Serjt. Moors, Montreal	60
Capt. Crogo, Gannanogue	60
Capt. Thompson, Belleville	60
Capt. Grose, Prescott	60
Mrs. Barber, Burlington	60
Serjt. Ritchie, Montreal I.	50
Capt. Stacey, Gannanogue	50
Serjt. Hooper, Montreal II.	50
Lieut. Hille, Trenton	50
Capt. Hille, Port Hope	50
Capt. Burtch, Newport	50
Lieut. Hicks, Newport	50
Serjt. Shaver, Montreal I.	45
Capt. Woods, Pembroke	45
Lieut. Hicks, Pembroke	45
Serjt. Kerrie, Kingston	45
Capt. Carter, Belleville	45
Ensign Yerex, Brockville	45
Capt. Tilley, Brockville	45
Capt. Wilson, Ottawa	45
Capt. Tytus, Amherst	41
Lieut. Spence, Amherst	41
Serjt. Barber, Kingston	40
Mrs. Adj. Kendall, Kingston	40
Capt. Owen, Coaticook	40
Sister Mrs. Stone, Lakefield	37
Staff-Capt. Burditt, Peterboro	37
Lieut. Spence, Peterboro	37
Lieut. Lang, Nanpsee	37
Serjt. Newell, Barre	37
P. S. M. Veal, Barre	37
Serjt. Downey, Kingston	37
Serjt. Stevenson, Peterboro	37
Adj. Kendall, Kingston	34
Capt. Bloomfield, Kingston	34
Capt. Stainforth, Nanpsee	30
Capt. Pitcher, Morrisburg	30
Mrs. Ensign Jones, Tweed	30
Capt. Gammidge, Sunbury	30
Capt. Bloss, Quebec	28
Lieut. Stacey, Peterboro	28
Capt. Vance, Renfrew	28
Sister Robinson, Peterboro	28
Capt. Randall, Renfrew	27
Serjt. McKorkel, Ottawa	27
Willie Williams, Montreal I.	27
Capt. Maguire, Campbellford	25
Lieut. Hille, Campbellford	25
Stephen Stanek, Carleton Place	25
Lieut. Coz, Montreal II.	25
Serjt. Brown, Montreal I.	25
Sister Lewis, Montreal I.	25
Serjt. Logic, Montreal I.	25
Serjt. Harrison, Peterboro	25
Serjt. Harris, Peterboro	25
Serjt. Mrs. Jewell, Pictou	25
Capt. Dawson, Montreal II.	25
Capt. Huxtable, Quebec	25
Capt. Ash, Odessa	25
Serjt. Chillingworth, Montreal IV	25
Capt. Downey, St. Johnsbury	25
Mrs. Wright, Peterboro	25
Bro. Tru, Peterboro	25
Ensign Sims, Barre	25
Serjt. Raymond, Barre	25
Mildred Veal, Barre	25
Capt. Green, Pictou	25
Capt. Green, Perth	25

WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE

85 Hustlers

Lieut. Smith, London	227
Capt. Hellman, Chatham	228
S. M. Bateman, Stratford	113
Lieut. Maisey, Goderich	113
Capt. Green, Windsor	100
Capt. Sitzler, Woodstock	100
Capt. Crawford, Strathroy	100
Ensign Sloie, Leamington	100
Capt. Freeman, Berlin	96
Lieut. Green, Windsor	85
Capt. Fyfe, Surin	85
Mrs. Adj. McAmmond, Brantford	85
Lieut. Yeomans, Brantford	85
Adj. McAmmond, Brantford	85
Lieut. Egan, Simcoe	85
Slater, Gator, Petrolia	85
Capt. Williams, Galt	85
Lieut. Kneuke, Galt	85
Capt. Green, Windsor	85
Capt. Thomas, St. Thomas	85
Auntie Wright, Ingersoll	85
Mrs. Richards, Guelph	85
Lieut. Crank, Wingham	85
Sergt. Allen, Mitchell	85
Ensign Crank, Wallaceburg	85
Harvey Burns, Dresden	85
Emily McDougall, Goderich	85

Ensign Wakefield, London	53
Capt. Jordinson, Forest	53
Lieut. Strickels, Sarnia	50
Mrs. Dr. Green, Ridgetown	50
Capt. Herman, Liverpool	49
Kite, Kitchin, Tilsonburg	49
Mrs. Capt. Dowell, Seaford	49
Lieut. Plant, Clinton	45
Capt. Hoekin, Tilsonburg	45
Rya Simpson, Guelph	42
Ensign, H. Berlin	42
Sergt. Yeomans, Norwich	41
F. Palmer, London	40
Mrs. Harris, London	40
Capt. Burrows, Bayfield	40
Capt. Campbell, Clinton	40
Capt. P. P. P.	40
Mrs. Capt. Huntington, Essex	40
Lieut. Horwood, Wallaceburg	38
Mrs. Downs, St. Thomas	38
Lieut. Carley, Norwich	36
Capt. Jarvis, Petrolia	36
Capt. H. Hespeler	36
Mother Broadwell, Kingsville	35
Mother Cutting, Essex	35
Sergt. Schuster, Berlin	32
Stanley Gammage, Chatham	31
Capt. H. Hespeler	31
Lieut. Beach, Forest	30
Mrs. Capt. Kerswell, Drayton	30
Capt. Halsey, Ridgetown	30
Capt. Kanecek, Ingersoll	30
Capt. McCutcheon, Guelph	30
Capt. H. Hespeler, Berlin	29
Lieut. Winter, Palmerston	29
Sergt. Mrs. McGuinn, Blenheim	21
Capt. Dowell, Seaford	21
Capt. Copeman, Thorford	23
Lieut. H. Hespeler, Guelph	25
Capt. White, Blenheim	25
Capt. Carr, Watford	24
Mrs. Mellroy, St. Thomas	21
Sister Anderson, Watford	22
Lieut. Harman, Ingersoll	22
P. J. J. J.	22
Hauberman Fleming, London	20
Mrs. Steele, Petrolia	20
Sister Watson, Petrolia	20
Mrs. Hawkins, St. Thomas	20
Ensign Scott, St. Thomas	20
Capt. J. J. J.	20
Chester Small, Dresden	20
Bro. Ellis, Sarnia	20
Lieut. Cook, Ridgetown	20
Lieut. Groombridge, Stratford	20
Marshall Benn, Wallaceburg	20
Capt. J. J. J.	20
S. M. Jackson, Stratford	20

EAST vs. WEST.

EASTERN PROVINCE.

102 Hustlers.

Capt. E. Martin, Charlottetown	162
Sergt.-Major McQueen, Moncton	165
Adjt. Mrs. Fraser, Halifax II.	120
Capt. G. Thompson, Glace Bay,	123
Capt. D. Piercey, Sydney	125
Mrs. SALTERS, Hamilton	125
Lieut. McLean, Charlottetown	110
Capt. A. Allen, Carlton	110
Sergt. E. White, Newswale	110
P. S.-M. Smith, Windsor	109
S.-M. Veinot, Halifax II.	109
Noah Flood, Hamilton	109
Capt. Redmond, St. John I.	100
Capt. B. East, St. George's	100
Lieut. N. Smith, Digby	85
Sergt. Long, Yarmouth	85
Sergt. Conrad, Halifax I.	85
Capt. Ryan, Truro	85
Lieut. Wyatt, Chatham	85
Capt. Macdonald, Moncton	75
Capt. Armstrong, Halifax I.	75
Mrs. Capt. Percy, Sackville	70
Capt. Fraser, St. John I.	70
Ensign Wright, St. John II.	65
Capt. Goodwin, Somerset	65
Capt. Cowan, Southampton	60
Capt. St. John, St. John I.	60
Sec. Ellis, Charlottetown	60
Capt. Fleming, Hamilton	55
Sergt. Armstrong, St. John III.	55
Capt. Kirk, St. John V.	55
Capt. Leadley, Windsor	50
Master McDonald, Halifax	50
Ensign Rogers, Somerset V.	50
Bandmaster Kelly, St. George's	50
Dinah Virgil, Southampton	50
Ensign Jennings, Spruighill	50
Capt. Clark, Amherst	45
Capt. Pemberton, Amherst	50
Sergt. Macdonald, Glace Bay	50
Capt. McKelbaine, Glace Bay	45
Sergt. Maybee, Charlottetown	45
Chas. Anderson, Somerset	45
A. Ramie, Bridgetown	45
Jennie Hardwick, Bridgetown	45
D. Foley, Bridgetown	45
Mrs. P. F. Hamilton	45
Serg. Worth, Charlottetown	45
Mary Wade, Hamilton	45
J. W. Clark, Kentville	45
Lieut. Netting, Liverpool	45
Capt. England, Stellarton	45
Capt. Clark, Clark's Harbor	45
W. Brown, Pictou	45

—ay, oh my, what a surprise!

Won't it take Major McMillan's breath away when he sees where he is now?

As for poor Arab, the blow will near kill him! To be last after being so often first is humiliating.

"Poor" Nigger is all decked in ribbons and flags. He is celebrating. Don't speak to him if you should happen to meet him. He can't find language suitable for a meek reply.

And don't be deceived about Mag. It were idle to tell my readers that she feels like us if she's walking on air. These are great days for her. To be just one mark below the tip-top is elating, and we must all stand back and allow her to prance around a bit and work off her jubilant feelings. Three cheers for Mag!

And here was I last week asking that Nigger and Mag be swopped! Shame on me! How shall I ever look them in the face?

Of course Arab feels the rebuke. His highly-strung temperament will be much hurt at the defeat, but will he wilt? Not he! Just watch him charge again. See his proud neck and flowing mane (yes, please "Remember the Maine!") and don't be surprised if the defeat of to-day is changed into victory to-morrow!

THE "EAST vs. WEST" COMPETITION.

Eastern Prov. 102	North-West. 50
	Pacific 45
	Newfound'd 19
Totals .. 102	114

The Eastern Star has set !

Well, can't be always on the shine,
says the Major who owns the Star.

The North-West gets back to its half-century gait, and the Pacific does very well. I knew that it would come.

Now, will these two Provinces please keep up the music? The Southall-Hargrave combination can give Major Pickering a few yards if it likes, and then come in first.

Newfoundland is getting back into its usual shape. 19 is far better than last week's 5. It's that St. Johns I that was to blame. Don't do it again, Adjutant Dowell, or you may expect a duel. The Adjutant says:—"Bro. Harris has only been saved two weeks. He was one of the worst drunkards in the city. He now takes 30 Crys, and sells in hotels."

Well done, Bro. Harris. You'll be selling 100 a-week soon, eh?

The Skagway folks are not down this week. That's to be regretted, for they have the honor of the Klondike expedition.

Don't forget, comrades that if you wish your Province to shine in the

May Lily, Halifax II.	38
Mrs. Santuca, Hamilton	35
Cadet Furdy, St. John III.	35
Capt. Bradbury, Springfield	35
Capt. Hutt, Bear River	34
Cadet McKim, St. John I.	33
Lieut. Hawbold, Sydney Mines	30
Capt. McEneaney, Chatham	30
Lieut. McWilliams, Clark's Harbor	29
Capt. Brown, North Sydney	29
Lieut. Murrough, North Sydney	28
Capt. Green, Sussex	28
Capt. Lawes, St. Stephen	26
Ensign Knight, Canaan	26
Eugene Peckwood, St. George's	24
Ernest Astill, St. George's	25
Mrs. Gibbs, Charlottetown	25
Sergt. Matthews, New Glasgow	25
Lizzie Newell, New Glasgow	25
Lieut. Taylor, Fairville	25
Lieut. Murrough, Hillsboro	25
Capt. Winchester, Hillsboro	25
Lieut. McLeod, Sussex	25
Sergt. G. Rice, Glace Bay	25
Bro. R. LeDrew, Glace Bay	25
Mrs. Ming, Hamilton	25
Cadet Hamm, St. John III.	25
Lizzie Jones, St. John III.	25

Sergt. Major Kent, Bear River	25
Sergt. Mrs. England, Chatham	25
Mrs. Spiro, Springfield	25
Ensign Penny, Hampton	22
Lieut. Lebars, Truro	22
Peter Tiller, Kentville	22
Susie Holden, Windsor	22
W. Burgess, Halifax I.	21
Bliss Baisley, Moncton	20
Capt. Miller, Fairville	20
Sergt. Aldrich, New Glasgow	20
Lieut. Lebars, Stellarton	20
Lieut. W. Chubb, Annapolis	20
Capt. Lamont, Annapolis	20
Lieut. Richards, Summerside	20
Lieut. Trafton, Summerside	20
Capt. Welch, Woodstock	20
Lieut. McLeollan, St. Stephen	20
Capt. O. Clark, Bridgewater	20
Ensign Parsons, Dartmouth	20

NORTH-WEST PROVINCE.

50 Hustlers.

Cadet Annie Cook, Winnipeg	206
Capt. Lloyd, Winnipeg	133
Capt. J. Ferguson, Brandon	90
Lieut. Gamble, Medicine Hat	82
Lieut. Melroe, Fort William	80
Ensign A. Taylor, Calgary	60
Capt. Blodgett, Grand Forks	52
Lieut. Lenwick, Edmonton	50
Lieut. M. Ferguson, Souris	50
Mrs. Gouldings, Calgary	50
Capt. Livingstone, Prince Albert	48
Patric Harvey, Valley City	48
Capt. Elliott, Dauphin	48
Capt. Cromarty, Selkirk	46
Sergt. Mrs. Rushbrook, Portage la Prairie	45
Capt. B. Foll, Carman	45
Capt. Wick, Edmonton	45
Ensign A. Hayes, Port Arthur	44
Lieut. E. Casiter, Regina	40
Mrs. Capt. Gihlan, Carberry	40
Cadet Meron, Rat Portage	40
Capt. Bauson, Jamestown	38
Sergt. Dearden, Rat Portage	38
Capt. Mitchell, Lethbridge	38
Capt. Myers, Fargo	37
Capt. McKay, Port Arthur	36
Lieut. Haugen, Minot	35
Capt. Draper, Minot	35
Capt. Westcott, Portage la Prairie	34
Corps-Cadet Smith, Portage la Prairie	34
Capt. Meyers, Devil's Lake	33
Lieut. Bristow, Morden	33
Lieut. Potter, Lethbridge	32
Capt. Herringshaw, Grafton	31
Capt. Hammond, Lisbon	30
Lieut. Hardy, Rat Portage	30
Capt. B. Bond, Grafton	30
Capt. Woodworth, Fargo	28
Lieut. Nuttall, Devil's Lake	27
Lieut. Russell, Minot	27
Capt. Eva Anderson, Bismarck	27
Ensign D. Casiter, Jamestown	21
Ensign Burton, Jamestown	21
Capt. Halstein, Minnedosa	24
Sergt. Taylor, Grand Forks	24
Minnie Howes, Mousomin	23
Cadet Oxenrider, Rat Portage	22
Capt. Smith, Brandon	22
Sergt. Burrows, Morden	26
Sergt. Chapman, Winnipeg	20

PACIFIC PROVINCE.

45 Hustlers.

Sergt. Glenn, Butte	210
Lieut. Johnson, Nelson	200
Mrs. Capt. Hooker, Whitecourt	120
Capt. Noble, Spokane	108
Capt. Gleau, Revelstoke	101
Capt. LeDrew, Victoria	100
Lieut. Morris, Billings	100
Capt. Gooding, Rossland	92
Capt. Kroll, Vancouver	85
Mrs. Moody, Vancouver	85
Mrs. Capt. Jackson, Livingston	79
Capt. Walruth, Anacoda	60



Hiram Sparrowgrass, of Green Pea Corner, near London, Ont., on seeing in the Competition Notes that Arab is at the tail end of the procession: "Hest if don't write to Major McMillan and ask him to swap that horse of his for our Mand. She ain't quite a 'Mand S', but she can show her heels to Arab, and don't you forget it."

(My advice to Major McMillan is to "swap" by all means.—E. E.)

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MEN'S UNLINED NORFOLK JACKETS

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Henrietta " 75c.
Blue Serge " \$1.15
Merino " \$1.15

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Mrs. Adj. Ayre, Westminster 50

Lieut. Floyd, Nanaimo 49

Mrs. Ensign Cummins, Great Falls 48

Adj. Babington, Spokane 46

Capt. Perrenoud, Kamloops 45

Capt. Langill, Kamloops 45

Capt. Scott, Helena 44

Adj. Stevens, Helena 40

Sergt. Lewis, Victoria 40

Mrs. Capt. Brown, Bozeman 35

Sergt. Boothroyd, Westminster 35

Sergt. Denison, Victoria 35

Sister Meredith, Dillon 30

Lieut. Saint, Lewiston 30

Sister Thomas, Spokane 29

Sergt. Walker, Rossland 27

Sister Montele, Rossland 25

Bro. Preston, Spokane 25

Sister Mortimer, Victoria 25

Sister Porter, Victoria 25

Capt. Nesbitt, Dillon 23

Capt. Meredith, Dillon 22

Sister Nesbitt, Helena 20

Capt. Hooker, Whitecourt 20

Sister Doque, Nelson 20

Sister Wilson, Vancouver 20

Bro. Porter, Rossland 20

Sister Chilling, Rossland 20

Bro. Protzman, Kalspell 20

NEWFOUNDLAND PROVINCE.

19 Hustlers.

Cadet Cummings, St. Johns I. 100

Sergt. Lidstone, St. Johns II. 50

Sergt. Andrews, St. Johns II. 40

Cadet Shano, St. Johns I. 30

Sergt. Lidstone, St. Johns I. 30

Sergt. Mrs. Cook, St. Johns I. 30

Bro. Harris, St. Johns I. 30

Cadet Parsons, St. Johns II. 28

Lieut. Wiseman, Bay Roberts 28

Cadet Skinner, Harbor Grace 27

Cadet House, Harbor Grace 25

Cadet Thistle, St. Johns I. 25

Cand. M. Burl, St. Johns I. 25

Cadet Harris, Harbor Grace 22

Cadet Mervin, St. Johns I. 20

Cadet C. March, St. Johns I. 20

Sergt. M. Ebury, St. Johns I. 20

Cadet Summers, St. Johns II. 20

Sergt. Bartlett, Brigus 20

The men who deny the existence of

an still go on locking their doors and

taking receipts.

The Whiskey Traffic.

To-night it enters a humble home, to strike the roses from a woman's cheek, and to-morrow it challenges this Republic in the halls of Congress.

To-day it strikes a crust from the lips of a starving child, and to-morrow levies tribute from the Government itself.

There is no cottage humble enough to escape it, no palace strong enough to shut it out.

It defies the law when it can not overcome suffrage.

It is flexible to cajole, but merciless in victory.

It is the mortal enemy of peace and order; the despoiler of men, and terror of women; the cloud that shadows the faces of children; the demon that has dug many graves, and seen many souls unshrined to judgment than all the pestilences that have wasted life since God sent the plague to Egypt, and all the wars since Joshua stood before Jericho.

It comes to ruin, and it shall profit mainly by the ruin of your sons and mine.

It comes to mislead human souls and to crush human hearts under its ruminating wheels.

It comes to bring grey-haired mothers down in shame and sorrow to their graves.

It comes to change the wife's love into despair, and her pride into shame.

It comes to still the laughter on the lips of the children.

It comes to still all the music of the home, and fill it with silence and desolation.

It comes to ruin your body and mind, to wreck your home, and it knows it measures its prosperity by the swiftness and certainty with which it wrecks this world.—H. W. Grady.

DOS THIS APPLY TO YOUR TOWN?



"Bruern, I can't preach neah an' bo'd in heh'n."

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120-124 West 14th Street,

New York City.

NOTE.—This group contains 714 faces, all of which can be clearly distinguished. They represent officers of the Salvation Army in almost every country, including the General and his family, and the Commandants of the different territories. Commandants are well represented; besides Miss Eva and her beloved Commissioner, there may be recalled Col. and Mrs. Friedrich, Lt.-Col. Margrets, Lt.-Col. Mrs. Read, the late Brig. Read, Brig. and Mrs. Friedrich, Brig. and Mrs. Esquiche, Brig. and Mrs. Complin, Brig. Sharp, Major and Mrs. Major and Mrs. Turner, Major and Mrs. McMillan, Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Rawling, Staff-Capt. Mason, Staff-Capt. Archibald, Staff-Capt. Cowan, and a number of other Staff and Field Officers.



Speak, Saviour, Speak.

Tune.—B.J. 170.

1 I bring Thee, dear Jesus, my all,
Nor hold back from Thee any part;
Obedient to Thy welcome call,
I yield Thee the whole of my heart;
Perverse, stubborn, once was my will,
My feet ran in self-chosen ways;
Thy pleasure henceforth to fulfil,
I'll spend all the rest of my days.

Chorus.

Oh, speak, while before Thee I pray!

The doubts that have darkened my soul,
The shame and the fears that I hate,
Oh, banish, and bid me be whole,
A clean heart within me create!
A heart that beats loyal and true,
Unspotted and pure in Thy sight;
A love that would anything do,
A life given up to the fight.

Lord, make me, I pray Thee, a saint,
As holy I'd be as I ought!
With Thee since there is no restraint,
Oh, give me this blessing blood-bought,
A soldier I'd be every inch,
E'er loyal and true to the core;
From battle-front ne'er would I flinch,
Henceforth given up to the war!

Come, Dear Saviour.

Tunes.—Dear Jesus is the One I love (B.J. 270); Holly (B.J. 237).

2 Come Saviour Jesus, from above,
Assist me with Thy heavenly grace,
Empty my heart of earthly love,
And for Thyself prepare a place.

Oh, let Thy glorious presence fill
And set my longing spirit free,
Which shall not have another will,
But day and night shall follow Thee!

Henceforth shall no profane delight
Divide this consecrated soul;
Possess it, then Who hast the right,
As Lord and Master of the whole.

Wealth, honor, pleasure, and what more
This short-enduring world can give,
Tempt as ye will, I seek no more,
To Christ alone resolved to live.

The Cross Our Guide.

Tune.—We'll be heroes (B.J. 75).

3 We'll be heroes, we'll be heroes,
When the battle is fierce,
When the raging storm louder grows,
Will our courage increase, By the cross.

We shall conquer, we shall conquer,
Through the Blood of the Lamb,
And we ne'er will retreat, though we die,
Till the conquest we've won, By the Cross.

We are rising, we are rising,
And the foe shall be driven;
Like warriors brave we will sing,
We have victory and heaven, By the Cross.

Ready for the Call.

Tune.—When the trumpet sounds (B.J. 46).

4 When the shadows are quickly falling,
As I pass through the valley of death,
And the trumpet for me is calling,
I will shout with my latest breath—
By the Blood that did redeem me,
O Lord, Thou wilt receive me,
And before the Throne then flying,
I will answer, "Here am I."

Chorus.

When the trumpet sounds I'm ready for to go,
And I'll ride up in the chariot in the morning.

He to me gave His pardon freely,
From my name He has blotted my sin.

And in death's valley He'll be near me,
Of His mercy I'll still will sing,
Day by day His hand has blest me,
His love has never failed me,
And I, therefore, love Him truly,
And with joy will greet His call.

Welcome Home.

Tune.—Welcome home (R.B. 50, R.I. 62, S.M. 1, 252).

5 Give me the wings of faith to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.

Chorus.

They'll sing their welcome home to me,
The angels will stand
On the heavenly strand,
And sing me a welcome home.

Once they were mourners here below,
And poured out cries and tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

I asked them whence their victory came;
They, with united breath,
Ascribed their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to His death.

They marked the footsteps that He trod,
His zeal inspired their breast;
And following their incarnate God,
Possess the promised rest.

Praise Ye the Lord.

Tune.—Saluts of God (B.J. 27).

6 Saints of God, lift up your voices,
Praise ye the Lord!
While the host of heaven rejoices,
Praise ye the Lord!
Praise Him as ye onward go
To the realms of endless glory,
Let His praise each heart overflow,
Praise ye the Lord!

For the work of our redemption,
Praise ye the Lord!
He has bought for us salvation,
Praise ye the Lord!
Jesus died for you and me,
Paid the debt on Calvary's mountain,
Every sinner may go free,
Praise ye the Lord!

Thousands have on Christ believed,
Praise ye the Lord!
And His pardoning love received,
Praise ye the Lord!
We have joined the happy throng,
God is with us, we're His soldiers,
Jesus shall be all our song,
Praise ye the Lord!

A Special Solo.

THE ARMY'S SALVATION ANTHEM.

Tune.—God save the Queen (R.B. 1, 9).

7 God bless our Army brave,
Long may our colors wave
O'er land and sea,
Clothe us with righteousness,
Our faithful soldiers dress,
And crown with great success,
Our Army brave.

The Blood-and-Fire bestow.

Be with us where we go.

To fight for Thee.

Still with our Army stay.

Drive sin and fear away;

Give victory day by day
To Israel's side.

God bless our General,

Our officers as well—

God bless us all!

Oh, give us power to fight,

To put all hell to flight

That victory may delight
Our Army brave.

THE COMMISSIONER

WITH THE

Cycling Brigade

OF

RED CRUSADERS,

WILL CONDUCT

GIGANTIC TENT MEETINGS

AT THE FOLLOWING PLACES:

BELLEVILLE, Saturday, Sunday and Monday, June 30th, and July 1st and 2nd.

COLBORNE, Tuesday, July 3rd.

PORT HOPE, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, July 4th, 5th and 6th.

BOWMANVILLE, Saturday, Sunday and Monday, July 7th, 8th and 9th.

Colonel Jacobs and Brigadiers Friedrich and Pugmire

Will Assist the Commissioner, taking Prominent Part in all these Meetings.



The Field Commissioner

MISS BOOTH,

ACCOMPANIED BY

The Territorial Staff Band

WILL VISIT

Grimsby Park,

AND DELIVER TWO ADDRESSES

ON

SUNDAY, JULY 15th,

At 3 and 7.30 p.m.

The Staff Band will conduct a Musical Service on Saturday at 8 p.m., and a Religious Service on Sunday at 11 a.m.

LIEUT.-COL. MRS. REA

Accompanied by LIEUT. BELL, visit

New Glasgow, Sat., Sun., and July 14, 15, 16.

Truro, Tuesday, July 17.

Hullfax, Thurs., Fri., Sat., and July 19 to 22. (Rescue Army and Opening of New Hall)

Darlington, Wednesday, July 23.

Windsor, Thurs. and Fri., July 23 and 24.

Yarmouth, Sat., Sun., and Mon., 28, 29, 30.

Digby, Tuesday, July 31.

Moncton, Thursday, Aug. 2.

St. John, Sat., Sun., Mon., Tue., Wed., Aug. 4 to 8. (Rescue Anniversary.)

BRIGADIER AND MRS. GALT

Lisgar St., Thursday, July 12 (Leulah Wedding.)

MAJOR AND MRS. SHERWIN

Temple, Sunday, July 1.

DOMINION DAY AT LONDON

MAJOR McMILLAN

will conduct a

Local Officers' Convention ;

at

London, on July 1st and 2nd.

Representatives from every one of the Province are expected. Each will be in charge of the Local District. The D. O's and Local Leaders take part in the meetings on Sunday. On Monday, however, connection with the Senior and Junior Officers will be discussed in connection with a night with a public demonstration in the Oldfield, everybody pray for these meetings.

"Till Death Do Us Part"

I remember once reading of a little girl whose father was a poor man. He had preached a simple sermon on the text, "And they brought him Jesus." As they were going home, the little daughter walking beside him, she said, "I like that sermon so much, I want to hear the father, 'whom you are going to bring to Jesus?'" A beautiful expression came over her face, she replied, "I think, father, I want to bring myself to Him." Each little comrade who reads this have you brought to Jesus? Have you brought yourself to Him? If you pray you will do so at once, and may win others for the Kingdom, bless you!